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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

'THE STAR IN THE WEST'

THE British weekly press voices almost unanimous approval of the Hughes proposal. The opinion is generally expressed that no reservations of such importance as to endanger the success of the plan will be put forth by Great Britain or by Japan with any encouragement from London. The *Outlook* calls upon the wise men of Europe to follow 'the star in the west.' It believes that the fifty millions which Great Britain will annually save in her national budget is a very trifling matter compared with the new spirit of co-operation which is being called into existence at Washington.

The *Nation and the Athenæum* speaks of Mr. Hughes as a masterful diplomat, and declares that there has been nothing in diplomatic history which compares with the technique of his opening move.

If he had wanted to point the contrast between his own technique and that of the Big Four at Paris, he could hardly have done it better. At Paris nothing whatever happened in public save the babbling of platitudes; the whole work was done in secret by the select few, and the world lived on rumor up to the degraded end. At Washington, Mr. Hughes has frankly adopted Parliamentary methods. He has opened at the very first sitting with a precise programme. He has set a standard. He has keyed up expectation to a measurable pitch. Every man among the delegates, however negative and conventional his mind may be, will feel that the world will point at him, at his delegation, at his government and at his country, as the foes of peace if less should emerge from the Conference than the naval reductions which Mr. Hughes has proposed. The tactics are extremely simple; they are, indeed, the natural tactics of every popular leader. At one stroke Mr. Hughes has won public opinion to his side, not merely in Washington and in the States, but in the world at large and especially in England. At their peril will the other statesmen disappoint the expectations he has raised. If Mr. Wilson had been able to act in this way at Paris, he might have imposed his ideas and saved his Fourteen Points.

The *Spectator* is also enthusiastic over the proposal and its prospects:—

We are delighted [it declares] that our delegates have greeted these wise proposals of the United States with the utmost satisfaction. They certainly are in essence fair and just, though it is of course possible that when they are discussed in detail some weak points may be discovered and put right. In any case, no one can say that an attempt has been made by the United States to propose a scheme which, though it looks *on paper* fair to all the Powers concerned, in reality would give an advantage to herself. The scheme may turn out to be improvable, but we are convinced that the proposal was

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made not only without guile or cynical selfishness, but with a noble sincerity of purpose.

Though we are full of hope that the Conference may achieve the desires of its conveners; though we are more than satisfied with the spirit in which America is acting, and accept her concrete proposals, what really matters is something bigger than even the problem of disarmament. Immense as is, we admit, the practical value of disarmament, and immense as will be the relief to the British taxpayer if it can be carried out, as we believe it can, that is not the supreme issue. What really matters at the Conference, not merely to us, but to the world at large, is the cementing of the blood brotherhood between the two halves of the English-speaking race, the 'hand-fastening' of Britain and America. If that can be accomplished — fully, fairly, justly, and permanently — the world has stopped reeling. She moves once more steady in her course. While we and America stand united the world cannot fall into ruin. The burden might be heavy, but we can and would together act as the pillars of Hercules. United we stand; disunited we fall and the world falls with us. *Quis separabit?* Who will dare to separate those whose union can accomplish so much for mankind?

The *Saturday Review* is practically alone in sounding a discordant note and expresses grave doubt 'whether a treaty embodying these proposals would be accepted by the United States Senate.'

The American people are vaguely idealistic in temperament, but their idealism is always controlled by an acute appreciation of American interests. The new scheme directly affects England, the United States, and Japan. Of the three the United States, in sacrificing some part of its fleet, sacrifices nothing except the money spent on it. It is a continental State, self-contained and self-dependent; the loss of the Philippines, Honolulu, Guam, and Porto Rico would matter little to it. Totally different is the situation of England and Japan. For all practical purposes the British Empire is a collection of islands; without a strong navy to control its sea communications and defend its shipping it cannot exist, and half the people of the United Kingdom must perish. Sea-power is the condition of their very life. Japan is another island State to which a strong navy is only one degree less vital than it is to England.

Some practical questions, moreover, must be considered by the British authorities in connection with any plan of naval reduction.

'No one has yet explained,' the *Saturday Review* continues,

what is to happen to the shipbuilding yards, dockyards, and gun and armor plants. They cannot be suddenly started into activity after lying idle for ten years. Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, and Rosyth would be ruined. One reason why the orders were given for the four new British battle-cruisers was that the great contractors were not prepared to keep their costly plants for making guns and armor any longer without prospect of remuneration. Yet by no turn of magic can the material of a navy be improvised.

And, seriously, is this a time to play tricks with our navy, and by abandoning the four new battle-cruisers to throw thousands out of work and also to prevent the proper training of our personnel? The American scheme presupposes the will to peace which is nowhere manifest to-day.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's *New Witness* is rather non-committal. 'Whether Mr. Harding's particular compromise is safe,' it suggests, 'is really a question for experts to answer, though not for experts to ask.'

The naval expert has no right to force a navy on a nation; but he has a right to say how a nation that wants a navy can get one. What we have to do is to put the question to him properly. And the question is, 'Does it leave England with her traditional advantage on the sea?' That is the point for expert discussion; but it also involves a more general discussion about the deepest illusions of our time.

England must have a navy of abnormal size and striking power. That is, she must

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have a navy out of proportion to her size, to her army, and to her status as only one among many great nations. And if the friends of peace and progress ask us *why* she must have it, we reply respectfully that it is more their business to answer that question than ours.

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WHAT THE WAR COST IN 'LIFE CAPITAL'

THE London *Morning Post* publishes an estimate of 'life capital' lost in the World War. By this expression it does not mean the actual number of lives lost, but 'the effect of the war on the vitality of the population measured in terms of the age and expectation of life of the present generation, as compared with what it would have been had there been no war.' Applying this test to Germany it finds that the average age of the population rose from 26 years and 48 weeks in 1910, to 29 years and 34 weeks in 1919.

If we take the 'expectation of life' at each age or age group and multiply this by the numbers of persons in a population at each such age or age group, we get a total representing the 'life capital' of that population. What, then, does this rise in the average age, added to the loss of potential lives, caused directly by the war, amount to? In the case of Germany, as at present constituted, there was at the time of the census taken on October 8, 1919, a population of 64 millions. Had there been no war the population of the same area should have been, according to the experience of the years 1911–14, at least 69 millions. A valuation of the years of expectation of life of the actual population of 64 millions shows that, as compared with the expected population of 69 millions, the latter being computed at the age and sex distribution obtaining in 1910, the loss of life capital has been *one hundred and fifty-seven millions of years!*

POLAND AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA

As a result of negotiations which have been proceeding at Prague for some time an entente between Poland and Czechoslovakia has been concluded. After ratification by the two governments the agreement will be submitted to the League of Nations, as the terms of the covenant provide. No official announcement of the treaty provisions will be issued until these formalities have been complied with; but it is understood that the outstanding features are as follows: —

The two States affirm their reciprocal neutrality in questions where neither of them has any direct interest.

The two States pledge themselves to concerted action in matters which affect the immediate interests of both.

It is made clear that the agreement is in no way directed against Russia — an assurance which is regarded as unnecessary in the case of Czechoslovakia but not so unnecessary for Poland. Czechoslovakia makes no commitment about the eastern frontier of Poland except the negative one of non-interference in Eastern Polish problems. The agreement does not deal with frontier modifications on either side, nor with the question of racial minorities.

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ENGLAND'S TROUBLES IN INDIA

THE British authorities have two sources of trouble in India just now; one is the Moplah rebellion in the Madras presidency, the other is the non-coöperation movement headed by Gandhi and his friends. The Moplah rebellion does not seem to be serious in itself, but it drags on and is spreading somewhat. The trouble began as a small rising in a Mohammedan community, the specific grievance being that Great Britain and her allies dealt unfairly with the head of the Moslem world in framing the peace treaties. With this cause of complaint the Hindus, of course, have nothing to do.

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The Gandhi movement, on the other hand, aims to embarrass the British administration, not by armed resistance but by popular boycotts of all sorts. Gandhi's boycott of the schools did not succeed, neither did the masses of the people heed his appeal to ignore the new Parliamentary assemblies. So Gandhi has turned to boycott-promoting in the industries and trades. He has urged the destruction of all imported cotton goods and counsels the people to make cloth for themselves by hand-loom methods.

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BRITISH AND GERMAN PRICE LEVELS

ACCORDING to figures published by the Ministry of Labor, the cost of living in Great Britain dropped ten points during the month of September, and seven points further during the month of October. The decline in the general level of retail prices began in November 1920, and continued without interruption until the following June. Thereupon it rose slightly, but soon began to fall again, and seems now to be well set on its downward course. The recessions of the past twelve months have brought the figure back to where it was in the early part of 1919. In November 1920, the index figure was 176 per cent above that of July 1914 — this being the highest point that it reached. On November 1, 1921, the excess was only 103 points, which means that the cost of living in Great Britain has been reduced by nearly twenty-seven per cent during the past year, or, roughly, five shillings in the pound.

The reduction during October was almost wholly in the prices of food, particularly meat and bread. It should be noted, however, that this reduction in the index figures involves a fall in wages wherever wage-rates have been fixed on a sliding scale. During the war, arrangements were made in many industries for the monthly or quarterly fixing of wages in accordance with the cost of living as determined by the Ministry of Labor. These arrangements, according to estimates, covered about 2,750,000 workers. In the case of government employees the adjustment is made semi-annually.

In Germany, the movement of prices is in exactly the opposite direction. Index figures published by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* show that the level of prices is going upward by tremendous monthly bounds. The index figure for food which stood at 145 in July, rose to 211 in September, and at the beginning of November it reached the unprecedented height of 317.

The profits of industries continue to rise at an equally rapid rate. Gambling on the Berlin Stock Exchange has become wilder than ever. The German industrial boom, on paper, at least, shows no signs of flattening. People are buying goods to safeguard themselves against a continued rise in prices. The consequence is that retail stores are doing a thriving business, and they, in turn, are deluging the wholesalers with orders. Everyone realizes, of course, that this cannot go on forever, and that the day of reckoning must be near.

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A NEW PARLIAMENT IN MALTA

THE opening of the new Parliament of Malta by the Prince of Wales, during the first week of November, is thought by the English press to mark a significant stage in the constitutional development of the British commonwealth. It is the colonial counterpart of the constitutional experiment which is now being tried by the British in India.

The problem of providing a satisfactory government for Malta has been complicated by the fact that the island is the pivot of British sea-power in the Mediterranean, and a vital link in the

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chain of British communication in the East. Its importance to the Empire as a whole is incalculable. On the other hand, the British Government has recognized for many years that Malta, apart from strategic considerations, would be entitled to full colonial autonomy.

Apparently, a fair compromise between imperial interests and local desires has been worked out. The Maltese legislature will have complete control of all local affairs. On the other hand, all matters of imperial concern will continue to be under supervision from London. The new constitution, it is interesting to note, makes provision for the election of legislators by a system of proportional representation. Both English and Italian, moreover, are recognized as official languages, English having a slight precedence in administrative circles, and Italian a definite priority in the law courts, while both are to be on a footing of complete equality in the legislature and in the schools.

The London *Times*, in extending its felicitations to the people of Malta, reminds them that the task of the new government will not be any easy one. The island has always been dependent to a greater or less extent upon naval activities. Its greatest industrial establishment is its giant dockyard. After the Armistice, when this industry went back upon a peace footing, much unemployment resulted. It is quite certain, therefore, that Malta will be even more seriously affected if the Washington Conference should succeed in framing a definite programme of naval limitation.

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GERMAN LABOR IN FRANCE

DESPITE the unpopularity of the plan among the French people, it is announced from Paris that an experiment will be made in the use of German labor for the reconstruction of various French villages in the Department of the Somme between Péronne and Chaulnes. The French labor-unions are offering no opposition to the plan. One reason for this is that France has to-day no serious unemployment problem — at any rate she has no surplus workmen in the building trades. It is estimated that there are opportunities for at least one hundred thousand skilled workers in connection with these rebuilding projects.

The newspapers and groups which raised sentimental and other objections to the proposal when it was first broached seem now to have been placated. They have been brought to see that the devastated villages can be much more quickly restored by having German workmen lay brick upon brick than by taking German bonds and waiting for an adequate supply of French labor to be forthcoming.

Assurances have been given by the government that the German labor will be strictly supervised and that the workmen will not be allowed to move about from one district to another. Agitators and disturbers of the peace will be promptly expelled. If the initial experiment succeeds it appears probable that the Wiesbaden agreement relating to material will be supplemented presently by other agreements relating to labor.

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MINOR NOTES

BRITISH financial journals point out that the recent floating of a Queensland loan in the New York money market constitutes an entirely new development in international financing. The states of Australia hitherto have invariably gone to London when in need of money. In the present instance the Government of Queensland gave the

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London bankers a prior opportunity to provide the funds; but some friction arose concerning recent colonial legislation, which the British financiers desired to have reconsidered. Thereupon, the Australians broke off negotiations and approached New York, where they found American bankers willing to provide twelve million dollars on favorable terms. A new twist is given to the whole episode, according to the *Morning Post*, by the statement of the Queensland Prime Minister, that the proceeds of this loan will be placed at the disposal of the British Government for the payment of American obligations, and that Queensland will accept, as compensation, sterling credits in London.

AMERICAN readers have doubtless been puzzled by the continued friction which has marked the official intercourse between Berlin and Munich ever since the Armistice was signed. The Bavarian Government has placed many obstacles in the way of fulfilling the Treaty provisions, more particularly those relating to Germany's disarmament. In spite of the Bavarian Cabinet changes, the latest move from Munich embodies a demand that various amendments be made to the constitution of the German commonwealth, in order that the 'sovereign rights' of Bavaria may be better safeguarded.

These are merely new phases of the immemorial antagonism between North and South Germany. Before the war the jealous animosity of the Bavarians was directed against the Prussian Junker; now the 'atheistic Socialist' has become the target. At bottom no traditional friendship exists between the two peoples. They differ in temperament and in point of view. Particularism was strong in Bavaria fifty years ago; the war and its aftermath seem to have accentuated the feeling.

AN invention for preventing railway collisions was recently tested by a party of engineers and journalists on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway. Two engines and a section of the railway line were fitted up with the inventor's apparatus, and an attempt was then made to force one locomotive into collision with the other. The apparatus, according to the accounts, stalled both of them perfectly. When the engines arrived within the danger zone the brakes were automatically applied without any action on the part of the drivers or firemen. The inventor claims that his apparatus will enable trains to proceed through dense fog in absolute safety.

A GENERAL election was held in Norway during the closing days of October and the new Storthing will assemble in January 1922. The reduction of the voting age from twenty-five to twenty-three years and the adoption of proportional representation were expected to swell the Socialist strength. The outcome was exactly the reverse. In the last Storthing the Socialists had fifty-one seats; now they have only thirty-seven. The Conservative-Liberals, who captured fifty seats at the elections of 1918, have this year increased their strength by seven. A new party, the Agrarians, came to the front at the recent elections and managed to elect seventeen of their number. On most questions of general policy this new element is expected to ally itself with the Conservative-Liberals rather than with the Socialists.

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THOSE WASHINGTON FUTILITIES

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

[*Events at Washington have not altogether borne out Mr. Shaw's predictions; but it will be noted that his first paper was published almost simultaneously with the opening of the Conference.*]

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, November* 12 *and* 19
(Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

I. WHY I SHALL NOT BE THERE

There are well-known conferences, party conferences, ecclesiastical conferences, and they have their uses, but no business is ever transacted at them — none. They encourage the faithful, they hearten the faint, and everybody goes home feeling he has taken part in the only show on earth. These conferences are essential to the life of any organization, but these are not the conferences where business is transacted. — Mr. Lloyd George, House of Commons, October 31st, 1921.

I have been asked to attend the Limitation Conference as a professional journalist. So has Mr. H. G. Wells. So has Mr. Arnold Bennett. Mr. Wells has consented. Mr. Bennett will have consented, probably, by the time this appears in print. That is all to the good: both gentlemen are friends to America, and will represent England's brains instead of England's parties and classes. I should be proud to join them, though I am only a candid friend to both countries, and a native of neither. Nevertheless, I shall not go. And as my reasons are of some public interest, I may be pardoned for saying what they are.

To begin with, though the Conference may stage one or two public meetings within earshot of the Press, nothing real will be done or told there. It may not even go so far: history records a famous Congress in Vienna after Waterloo; but that Congress never met. No doubt Talleyrand, Castlereagh, Metternich and the rest did the business they went there to do. But on what backstairs, in what and whose private rooms, between what groups or individuals it was done, nobody knows. In Washington the delegates who really matter will confer; but they will not confer in public; and of the results of their conference they will tell Mr. Wells, just as they would tell me, either nothing at all or (more likely) so much in personal confidence that his mouth will be closed far more effectually than if he sat at home in Easton Glebe and deduced the operations of the Conference from his knowledge of history and human nature.

I remember an occasion at the beginning of the war when I obtained in private conversation at my own table a piece of information which I could have made public very helpfully. For days I tried to learn it over again in some manner that could not be regarded as confidential. But I failed; and seven years elapsed before I could honorably treat it as public history. This incident is typical. English public men do not affect strength and silence. The strongest of them are the least silent: in fact, their indiscretion would astonish anyone who did not know that it is perfectly safe; for their world consists of people of importance who will not betray them, knowing that society would

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be impossible if private conversations were given away to the Press; and of people whose credit is not sufficient to support them against indignant official contradiction, nor, consequently, to justify responsible editors in publishing anything startling on their authority. Thus, State secrets keep themselves even when an expansive and talkative popular statesman (and what man can become a popular statesman to-day unless he is expansive and talkative?) pours them into the ear of every man he meets between his Parliament and his club, and then becomes the life and soul of the afternoon tea-party of his Egeria (every British statesman has half-a-dozen Egerias, though I understand they are an unknown institution in America) by retailing them there with every scandalous embellishment he can lay his tongue to.

There is only one place in England in which this reckless communicativeness is dangerous. It is the custom for the City of London to entertain Cabinet Ministers occasionally at great banquets in the Mansion House or Guildhall. The wine, which is of the best, goes to the heads of the guests; and though these heads, when of Cabinet rank, are usually well seasoned, and the parliamentary habit of saying nothing at enormous length is intensified rather than corrected by alcohol, yet there is a real danger of indiscretion, especially as the speeches are assumed by all editors to have been meant for publication, and even to be official indications of policy. In the early years of this century a certain peer, who was then a commoner and in the Admiralty, electrified Europe by a cheerful postprandial assurance at the Lord Mayor's table that God was in his Heaven and all was right with the world because the British Admiralty could always sink the German Fleet before the declaration of war had reached Berlin. The convivial orator meant no harm and was only making himself agreeable; but he created a panic on the Continent that raged for a fortnight. It was recalled by the Germans in 1915 to justify them in their attempts to conciliate American public opinion. But the British public never noticed the hub-bub. We are sending that cheerful peer to Washington.

Now I will not go so far as to suggest that if the American public wishes to know what is happening at the Conference it should regale the assembled diplomatists at Gargantuan banquets and call on them for speeches at dessert. Such banquets would have to be quite wet; and America has gone dry. But I am sure that in no other way is there the smallest chance of inducing the diplomats to let America know what they have been arranging with one another.

There is another difficulty, and a subtler one. In England, statesmen never need to keep the public in the dark because they take care to keep themselves in the dark. It may be that in America the Secretary of the Navy, when he orders half-a-dozen new battleships with 18-inch guns, says to himself, 'Now I can sink the British Fleet or the Japanese Fleet if I want to.' No British Secretary of State would be guilty of such indecent self-consciousness. Just as he might say to his wife, 'The Smiths next door have set up a third footman: we owe it to our position to do the same,' he would say, 'America, a mere Republic, has set up five ships: we, as a first-class Empire, must set up six.' And he would leave it at that. He would most indignantly repudiate any suggestion that those ships were meant to sink anyone else's ships, or that their guns were meant for anything but target practice. He would appeal to his gratitude for the help given by Japan during the war, to the hundred years' peace between England and the United States, and to the Sermon on the Mount

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to clear him from the hateful imputation of having any thought, in building a fleet, except the protection of his country against unprovoked attacks from Powers less peaceful, honest, and harmless than his own beloved Empire. And in this he would be perfectly sincere. The Englishman is not a hypocrite: he always means what he says at the moment. Admiral Lord Beatty, the amateur Quaker of the public dinner table, is as honest as Beatty, the hero of Jutland, sinking, burning, destroying. But it is emotion and not intellect that speaks; the worst of emotion is that it has no sort of consistency. You cannot depend on it from one day to another.

I have before me as I write an article on the Conference by a popular British journalist, Mr. Robert Blatchford. He is under the influence of the pacific emotion roused in him by the hymns of peace which are being sung to welcome the delegates to Washington. 'War,' he declares, 'is criminal lunacy: it should be abolished: the Pacific problem can be settled peacefully if the United States and the British Government will rise to the occasion and stand firmly together in the cause of humanity.' And again, 'War is wicked and bestial and futile: it should not be allowed: it can be prevented: the first and most needful step towards its prevention is a solemn agreement between our Governments that they will forbid it.' Excellent, you will say, adding perhaps that it is fortunate for the writer that he was not imprisoned during the war, as many men were for much milder remarks. But he ran no such risk. For this very same out-and-out pacifist was, from the firing of the first shot in 1914 until the present wave of pacific emotion got him, the most frantic fire-eater in England. And nothing is more certain in human nature than that if England and the United States came to blows this apostle of peace would instantly denounce all Americans as the seed of Satan; preach their extermination as the most sacred duty of all good men; and hound on the tribunals to deal mercilessly with every conscientious objector who ventured to hint at war being anything less than the noblest of human activities. And he would mean every word of it, just as he now means every word of the sentences I have quoted from his latest article.

Whether America has any emotional journalists of that type is not for me to say: what I can say is that the British Press is overrun with them. Now that Washington is their theme, they are seething in the milk of human kindness, and backing up, for all they are worth, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's pledge that it would take two thousand years of mischief-making to induce any Englishman to shed the blood of an American. But let us not deceive ourselves. All that reckless and brainless emotional self-indulgence, amiable as it may be, does not justify the faintest presumption that the British and American fleets may not be trying to sink one another, with Henry Arthur and the rest frantically cheering their own side, within three weeks or less. It is not emotion in the raw, but emotion evolved and fixed as intellectual conviction, that will save the world from war.

In short, we shall learn nothing about this Conference from the Conference itself. Its business is now avowedly not disarmament, but the old task of arranging a balance of power that shall be satisfactory to all the parties. And as no arrangement will be satisfactory to any of the parties except an arrangement that it shall be stronger than all the rest, the Conference will find itself pursuing a Will-o'-the-Wisp. The delegates will begin sounding one another for alliances. They will make secret bargains and treaties in addition to the ones they already have in their pockets

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and pigeon-holes. They will be swayed hither and thither: one way by their fears of one another, and the other by their common appetite for the exploitation of China, and their hostility to Bolshevism. Japan will bid against America for British support. America, feeling hemmed in between Britain and Japan as Germany felt hemmed in between Russia and France, and perhaps remembering Sir Halford Mackinder's demonstration that she is, after all, only a rather perilously situated island between the two jaws of a mighty continent, with a Japanese tooth in one jaw and a British tooth in the other, will be extremely uneasy, and will find herself wishing that there were a strong China (but not too strong) and a strong Germany (as strong as you like) to balance matters a bit. The more uneasy she feels, the more determined she will be to equip herself puissantly for battle in case of need. France, once more military cock-of-the-walk in Europe, will hold the balance of power between England and America; and M. Briand will play his ace accordingly.

But as war, in view of what Germany got by trying it, is so doubtful and desperate a resource, and none of the Powers can afford it just at present anyhow, there will be no shaking of mailed fists and clanking of shining armor. America will not dwell on the chances of another Jutland battle, another submarine campaign, another set of experiments with helium-inflated dirigibles and poison-gas bombs. She will reflect more and more attentively on the contrast between her own cohesiveness and the liability of the British Empire to fly to pieces, at the first breach made in it, like a Prince Rupert's Drop. California wants a white America; but so does Australia want a white Australian continent, and Canada a white North American continent. Lord Northcliffe, having made the discovery, so surprising to all British Islanders, that Australia is much larger than the Isle of Wight, and is, in effect, a whole quarter of the globe, has warned the Australians that the British flag *plus* birth control are not enough, and that if the Australians do not populate Australia with white people it will be populated with yellow people. The point is not likely to be lost on Japan. Yet England cannot with any decency repudiate the Anglo-Japanese Alliance after what she has recently gained by it. She will have to ask Japan whether the Mikado will have the condescension to be bought off for a sufficient slice of Asia.

Here are materials for some very animated conversations on the backstairs. But none of them will be fit for immediate publication. The peoples will find out all about it in time, when they cannot help themselves; just as we in England found out in 1914 what had been arranged in 1906. However, there are already so many cards on the table, that a good deal may be said before the bargaining begins.

II. AFTER YOU, SIR

Disarmament is the only road to safety. — Mr. Lloyd George, at the Guildhall, November 9, 1921.

Disarmament is such a popular cry when the 'Cease Fire' has sounded, and the period of glory is succeeded by the period of paying for it, that the United States Government, greatly to its credit, has asked the public to stop that nonsense and make up its mind to expect nothing more than a limitation of armaments. Yet, I see in every newspaper the heading Disarmament Conference, and in all the editorial columns the old pieties about peace and good-will and beating machine-guns into ploughshares

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and so forth. People find these pieties necessary to their souls. Before the war, when I met the disarmament agitation by saying, 'Don't disarm: treble your armament: you may need it presently,' people said, 'There you go again, contradicting everyone! Standing on your head as usual.' In November, 1914, when in my *Common Sense About the War*, that intolerable document which afterwards turned out to be so exasperatingly right in every detail, I said, 'After this, nobody is going to disarm,' the very people who were then clamoring very wisely for 'Above all, more shells,' looked sourly at me as who should say, 'Why can't you hold your tongue?'

Arming is one of the things you should do without saying anything about it; and if you ask a gentleman why he has a magazine-rifle slung across his back and a Lewis-gun under his arm, he feels bound to answer cheerfully, 'Oh, I thought I might put up a covey of partridges in Jones's field; and it's always well to be prepared.' When Bismarck said that balance-of-power questions have to be settled, not by an interchange of Christmas texts, but by blood and iron, he was stating the simplest and most obvious of facts; but he made a very unpleasant impression, which the rest of us avoided by declaring that war with Germany was unthinkable. This was quite true: all wars are unthinkable; but they occur nevertheless. The moment they become thinkable, we shall begin to think about them; and then they will not occur. Therefore, the announcement that a war between the United States and the British Empire is unthinkable is so alarming that I am doing my best to rescue it from that dangerous category; for it certainly will not bear thinking about, though it will bear ten Washington Conferences quite easily.

The notion that disarmament can put a stop to war is contradicted by the nearest dog fight. The story of Cain and Abel has been questioned by many honest Bible smashers, but never on the ground that Cain had no armament. Nelson never saw an armor-plate nor Napoleon a magazine-rifle; but they got through a good deal of fighting without them. If Georges Carpentier were carrying a cane, and were attacked by a rash bystander, he would promptly throw away the cane and defend himself with his fists. It is the man who fights, not the weapon. Also the woman.

That elementary point being settled, we may now come to the question it suggests, which is, Does disarmament then matter? If men are determined to fight, had they not better do it scientifically, with poison-gas, than batter and tear one another to death like wild beasts? There is nothing so horrible to see as a fight between men who do not know how to fight; and this is as true of savage and civilized warfare as it is of a street fight and a boxing-match for the heavy-weight championship. There is therefore no more likelihood of the great fighting Powers consenting to a limitation of destructive methods at Washington now than at The Hague before the war. There is no reason why they should. The introduction of poison-gas in Flanders by the Germans was not more slaughterous in effect, nor fiendish in its departure from the previous usages of civilized warfare, than the substitution of plebeian British bowmen on foot for charging knights and gentlemen on horseback at Poitiers and Crécy and Agincourt. Indeed, the impression of an utterly ungentlemanly departure from the traditions of chivalry was far greater. The French, slain in incredible thousands by hundreds of mere yeomen, had at least the satisfaction of despising the English kings as unspeakable cads whose spurs should have been torn from their heels by all

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the heralds of Christendom. But their protests made no difference. War was the sport of kings; but it was also business; and business is always business. In war you are out to kill and to avoid being killed; and it is idle to suppose that any method of doing either will not be exploited to the utmost. When you have made it possible to say of a huge country, as was said of Poland in the late war, that there is no child under seven years of age left alive in it, you are not likely to feel very sentimental about laying out a hardy soldier with mustard gas. There is not the slightest chance of any limitation of armaments in that sense being agreed to at Washington; and if it were, the covenant would be broken in the next war so entirely as a matter of course that the first combatant to tear it up would not dream of even apologizing. And so no more time need be wasted on that part of the problem.

In spite of all this, I do not see why the Conference should not agree to disarmament and limitation on a scale that will surprise and delight all the gentle and innocent souls in the world. Why, for instance, should not the United States, the British Empire, and Japan embrace Mr. Hughes's proposal by agreeing to build no more battleships: nay, even to sink those they already have? That would be a magnificent gesture, and a most popular one. I shall not be at all surprised if it actually takes place. And the conclusion I shall draw is that battleships are as obsolete as Henry the Eighth's Royal Harry, and that the submarine and the battleplane are what the Admiralties will fight with in future. Further, what would war be without its whiskered Pandours and its fierce hussars? Well, in spite of Lord Haig, the Powers may offer to abolish the fierce hussars. The reduction of all the cavalry establishments of the great Powers would seem a Sovereign Mercy. But the initiated would only wink, and whisper, 'The war-horse is obsolete: they are going in for tanks.'

In truth, if the Powers had learned the lesson of the last war (they never do until it is hammered explosively into their unfortunate armies by the bitter experience of the next war), they might go a great deal further than advertising a parade of the scrapping of obsolete weapons as Christian disarmament. They might abolish conscription and reduce all their armies to the dimensions of the little British professional army of 1913 without running any real risk of defeat and subjugation. For the military lesson of 1914–18 was that armies can be improvised on any desired scale from the civil population at the first tap of the drum. And the psychological lesson was that no country ever really prepares for war in time of peace any more than any man ever prepares for death whilst he is in robust health. When France attacked Germany, in 1870, the military authorities assured Napoleon III that his army was ready 'to the last button on the soldiers' gaiters.' As it turned out, it was ready for nothing but the annihilation that presently befell it. When Germany attacked France, in 1914, it had persuaded Europe as well as itself (and the tradition still lingers) that its military machine needed only a touch of the Kaiser's hand to start for Paris and arrive there in a fortnight with irresistible perfection of mechanism. If it had been so prepared, Germany would have won the war. What actually happened was that Germany lost ten days by attacking Liége with regiments at peace strength and no siege-guns.

Though the imagination of her enemies saw German spies everywhere, and her wonderfully organized intelligence department was the bogy of the alarmist press, she knew so much less than,

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for example, I did, that she was held up for weeks before Antwerp by forces she could have swept away in ten minutes. And when at last her renowned Staff generals were induced to realize, to the extent of allowing poison-gas to be used, that they were no longer living in 1870, they were so unprepared to take advantage of the gap it made in our line that they advanced only about five miles. And yet the Germans are far more capable of military preparation than any other nation in the world, because, as the traditions of their more recent serfdom are still upon them, they are better organized and better disciplined.

The British, though they made as great a mess of the new tanks as the Germans did of the new gas, were apparently much better prepared; but even their preparation will not bear close scrutiny. Thanks to Lord Haldane, their expeditionary force, which was all they had bargained for by land, was transported to Belgium and delivered without a casualty, as promised seven years before. Mr. Winston Churchill was able to show that the Navy went into the war with five years' accumulation of munitions and stores. Lord French had for years been studying the terrain on which he was to fight; but the fruits of his study were not very striking: he retired in favor of a less carefully prepared general. And we now know, on the authority of our own naval commanders, that so many ships were unmanned and under repair for unseaworthiness in 1914 that, if the German Fleet had dared to attack at once, we should have been Trafalgared; just as the Germans could have got through at the first battle of Ypres 'if they had only known.'

Then consider the French. They can hardly plead that they were taken by surprise after agitating all Europe by their extension of military service to three years. Nobody who before the war passed any time in Toul and thereabouts, as I did, could doubt for a moment that the French army was being drilled on the assumption that war might come at any moment. But Joffre himself admitted, in the teeth of the patriotic French public, that the rout from Maubeuge to Compiègne before von Kluck was disgraceful and inexcusable. It must have meant that there had been no real preparation, no plan, no brains. And yet these three Powers, in their mortal dread of one another, were each persuaded that the other had its war material up to date, its plan of conquest thought out to the final victorious march through the streets of the enemy's capital, and its men ready for mobilization in overwhelming force and at full war strength, for The Day. I do not exaggerate more than is necessary in dealing with the thickness of some of the heads into which I have to drive the truth when I say that, if nobody in Europe had ever given ten minutes' consideration to the strategy of the war before it began, there would not have been twopennorth of difference in the sequel.

The first precept that is dinned into a military student is that he must always act on the assumption that his enemy is fully prepared. If ever I take to the military life I shall proceed on the precisely opposite assumption; and, unless the opposing commander is equally intelligent and original, I shall sweep all before me as did Cæsar and Alexander. I once asked a very distinguished military authority how far the strategy of the late war was ahead of the actual operations. He replied 'Half a kilometre ahead of the front line.' The public idolizes a general almost as wildly as it idolizes a detective; but the generals themselves know better. Every general believes that the war in which he commands will be exactly like the war in which he fought as a young

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company officer, from thirty to fifty years before. In 1914 the British commanders believed that the war in Flanders would be like the South African War; and the German General Staff thought it would be like the Franco-Prussian War. The French generals, having been beaten last time, did not think at all, with very similar results. They were all sure that tanks were no use and that cavalry was indispensable. They all aimed at enveloping the other fellow, and at avoiding being enveloped by him. And nothing came of any of their anticipations. They drove their enemies headlong before them, and were presently driven headlong before their enemies. They very nearly won and very nearly lost over and over again; and they would have been fighting to this day if America and the blockade had not forced the Germans to capitulate immediately after they had all but driven the Fifth Army into the sea and frightened the British Government into declaring conscription in Ireland and madly tearing all the remaining ploughmen from their furrows; after which Lord Haig resumed the offensive as victoriously as if the British army had never been at a loss for a moment.

What is the moral of all this? Simply that the disarmament items in the agenda of the Conference do not matter a scrap. If the Powers have any sense or any capacity for learning from experience, they will spare their taxpayers by disbanding their armies; countermanding their orders for battleships; and singing peace on earth and goodwill towards men at the top of their voices. Their submarines and airships will all be commercial ones: their explosive factories will be mere dye works: their gas plants will provide chemicals for ordinary industrial purposes: the working drawings of the latest magazine-rifle will hide securely in a pigeon-hole. And the next war will be just as likely to occur and be much the same when it does occur as if all the Powers were visibly armed to the teeth. It will drag all the big Powers into it as the last war did. Nothing could have seemed fairer in 1914 than the Kaiser's demand for a square fight with Russia when the Tsar would not let Austria avenge the assassination at Serajevo. But the other Powers believed that if they stood by and kept the ring for the Kaiser he would beat Russia and become too big for the Balance of Power. He was caught between their refusal to promise not to attack him in the rear and Russia's mobilization. In vain General von Bernhardi warned him not to give them a chance at him until he had both America and Turkey on his side. Events would not wait for that combination. He was at bay; and he dashed at the French section of the ring, and dragged all the rest into the fight: Britain, Japan, Italy, Turkey, Bulgaria, Rumania, finally the United States. Thus Germany was smashed because France and England were afraid of her; and now France is more afraid of her than ever; and England is afraid to let France give her the *coup de grâce*.

Unfortunately, now that the problem of the Balance of Power has proved insoluble in Europe, it has risen more pressingly than ever round the Pacific. Face that situation, and face the fact that disarmament would be illusory even if the Powers could be induced to disarm, and, unless you are a war profiteer, you will feel extremely gloomy, and will wonder whether there is any road of escape from the wrath to come. But on all such roads it is possible to charge in the opposite direction; and I can promise nothing beyond another unheeded cry in the wilderness.

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THE SECOND LEAGUE ASSEMBLY

BY GEORGES SCELLE

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IT has been said that if Austria did not exist, it would be necessary to invent her, and to-day one may say the same thing about the League of Nations. One must at least admit that it is useful. For lack of any other aid, the authors of the peace treaty — who were not all enthusiasts for the League — assigned to it the task of helping them keep their treaty alive. At Danzig, in the Saar basin, on the banks of the internationalized rivers, in the mandated territories, and elsewhere, it was to the League that they turned for relief from tasks that were often unpleasant and always complex.

But public opinion demanded more than this. It regarded the League of Nations as an instrument for peace and international justice. It was amazed and impatient because the Supreme Council did not make up its mind to put everything into the League's hands. Public opinion developed doubts as to the capacity of the new organization to survive the failures or semi-failures of Vilna and Armenia. Then, all of a sudden, the Supreme Council, grappling with a problem that threatened peace and confronting an impasse, appealed to the League of Nations to supplement its own efforts and promised to enforce the League's decision. The Executive Council of the League succeeded in reaching the agreement for which the chancelleries of Europe had sought in vain.

There is no gainsaying that through the verdict given at Geneva, the authority of the League of Nations has been peculiarly enhanced. The solution of the Silesian question constitutes one of those strikingly successful strokes by which public opinion is influenced. We are not disposed in any way to weaken the legitimate acclaim; but this achievement of the Council does far less to give us faith in the League's future life than do the unnoticed efforts, the hesitations, the very failures of the Assembly, and the efforts to untangle the constitutional organization and the power of the various organs of the League, which were made in the course of its meetings of 1920 and 1921.

Upper Silesia strikes the public eye, while the work of the Assembly goes unnoticed. It is the effort of the pupal insect, struggling to escape from the cocoon that tightly enwraps it, the cocoon wherein it is swathed with the traditions of a time-worn diplomacy and the susceptibilities of exaggerated nationalism, as well as the judicial shackles of the sacrosanct principle of the sovereignty of states.

To become a genuine instrument for peace, an institute of justice and a judicial organism, the League of Nations must free itself of all that. No doubt this will require time, perhaps even centuries; but it is a matter of overwhelming interest to follow the first

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efforts that the League has made — that is, that its Assembly has made — in this direction.

At its first meeting there was a conflict between the Assembly and the Council. The latter, composed of representatives of the Great Powers and of four other states who were, as a matter of fact, chosen by them, resembled a new form of the Holy Alliance — democratic in name but conservative and authoritarian in fact. Fears sprang up for the safety of the League of Nations and for the success of an idea that the experience of history condemned without qualification. If there had been nothing but the Council, the League of Nations would soon have had its day.

But there is also the Assembly, where the delegations of all the member-states meet, not a 'parliament of peoples' of course, but a diplomatic congress, meeting at stated intervals, wherein the lesser and smaller powers are in the majority. The coöperation between these two branches of the League (in which is summed up the eternal and inevitable struggle between the oligarchic motives of the great states and the aspirations of the little ones toward liberty and equality) can produce — as already it has actually produced — a degree of that equilibrium and harmony which is of the essence of politics, which makes for peace, and which will permit the League to continue.

The League of Nations, then, *is* alive; but the length of its life is a little doubtful, since it is due to mutual concessions, to voluntary agreements of mutual good-will between two political bodies whose powers are ill-defined, sometimes parallel, and often held in common. Whoever is concerned for the future of the League of Nations and pays any heed to the elementary teachings of the history of political institutions, will be uneasy lest this confusion of powers may shortly lead to dangerous conflicts. In order that these conflicts may be forestalled and prevented, it is desirable that the separation of powers and functions should be sharply defined in the League of Nations, and that one of its branches should develop a legal predominance which will enable it to play the part of a necessary regulator when chance requires it. The trend of modern political and social evolution indicates that this power must fall into the hands of the most representative branch of the League, the one most capable of democracy, the one that, by the number of its members, its ways of working, and the external forms of its deliberations, offers the closest analogy to a Parliament. That body is the Assembly. . . .

The first and most astounding achievement of the League was the establishment of the international court of justice and the election of fifteen magistrates — eleven titular and four supplementary — as its members. Twenty years of constant effort since the first conference at The Hague in 1899 were not enough to settle the apparently insoluble problem of the selection of a limited number of magistrates by the representatives of fifty states. . . . It is the principle of equilibrium between the small states and the large ones — on which principle the constitution of the League of Nations is founded — that provided a solution; the rather complicated and yet ingenious mechanism of joint election operated with subtlety and success.

The power of the Court is not obligatory and, to our mind, that is a desirable state of affairs; for its decisions are to be imposed solely by their own value and by the moral authority of its members. It seems clear that the

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Court will have litigants and cases enough; for it can count not only on the pacific spirit of several states and on disputes arising from treaties that, in several cases, specifically provide for recourse to its jurisdiction; but it also has jurisdiction over differences that may arise within the technical services of the League itself: labor, transportation, hygiene, and so forth. Its establishment is especially significant because we may see here the first essential step toward that distinction between powers which is the life of any political organization. Judicial questions between which the Covenant of the League made no distinctions, leaving them either to optional arbitration or to the mediation of the Council, have now found a proper court for settlement. The progress of international law and the peaceful spirit of governments will be the two agencies for the further development of the Court's activities.

I regard as a second victory for the League the determination of principle made by the Assembly in one particular matter — that of the white slave traffic. The Assembly will itself prepare the Parliamentary drafts of international agreements, and the precedent thus set up is important enough to dwell on. It is not necessary to discuss here whether in this particular case the League was authorized to vote on a scheme for the convention. The letter of Article 23 of the Covenant seems to deny this power, for it gives no authority to the League except in overseeing the application of conventions. But this literal interpretation may be disputed, and the question of principle is of chief importance.

Can the League, in a general way, discuss and decide upon the rough draft of a convention in a matter concerning its own power, and then submit this draft, so worded that it cannot be changed, for the signature of the representatives of the states assembled at Geneva? Here is the beginning of a practice that would bring about increased celerity in the conclusion of world-wide agreements, together with a remarkable publicity in the discussion of these agreements and their conclusion over the heads of the chancelleries. This would be a new form of diplomacy, indeed — an 'open diplomacy' according to ex-President Wilson's formula, or, as has been said in a disparaging sense, 'Parliamentary diplomacy.'

A furious opposition has been set up to this proceeding. It would put diplomatic conventions at the mercy of the whims of an easily impressed and not thoroughly competent body. That would make the Governments uneasy, for they could not foresee all the questions that the Assembly might include in its discussions in order to give instructions to their representatives. It would mean, in a word, going on toward a super-Parliament with all the dangers for the autonomy of states and even the peace of the world involved therein.

These are rather large statements. One cannot talk about a super-Parliament nor of the effect on the sovereignty of states when the only matter involved is the rough draft of conventions which the delegates are free to sign or not just as they please, and which the Parliaments are free to ratify or not. One might talk more or less of a sort of pre-Parliament, but even that would be an exaggeration. The Assembly would do no more than the two Hague Conferences have already done in the laws of war and in the arbitration agreements. As for the objection relative to the impossibility of governments' instructing their representatives and the resulting encroachment on their powers, that does not

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concern us at all. The chancelleries need only foresee, prepare, and work. The advantages of open and collective diplomacy over their slow and secret dealings seem to us well recognized to-day.

I should be far more impressed by the incompetence argument, if the rough drafts of these conventions did not require careful and leisurely preparation in committee. One may legitimately prefer that the preparation of the agreements originating with the League of Nations should pass through the channels of the technical branches such as those of hygiene, labor, and transport. Here the parliamentary workings are entrusted to special officers and the proposals are offered for the discussion of conferences assembled for this very purpose and equally composed of specialists. Such was that conference at Barcelona which gave admirable results in transport problems. Such are the annual labor conferences of which the third is now in progress at Geneva. The 'technical' work done here is evidently more reliable, more profound, and more trustworthy than that which a mere Assembly could do.

But it must not be forgotten that these technical organizations are dependencies and subordinates of the League of Nations, whereas the Assembly is its very life, and, if I may say so, the 'moral sovereignty' of the League. The technical branches work with delegated authority and with the limited capacity of specialists, while the Assembly has general power and is responsible only to itself, since it is in control of its own agenda. It is well, therefore, that it has affirmed by a large majority its general powers and its intention to use them. It would be dangerous should the Assembly abuse these powers, but that does not seem highly probable to-day, for it has a very vague share in international control and in the expression of opinion. It cannot act either as a super-Parliament or as a Parliament of the ordinary sort, but only as a convention or a kind of diplomatic conference meeting at specified times. In taking this action the League affirmed its character and its function in relation to the Executive Council which cannot hope to perform this service since it does not represent the nations in the same general way. It contributes then equally to produce the division of authority which will enable the League to survive. It prepares for the future.

This whim of independence set aside, the Assembly of 1921 exhibited no marked characteristics. In particular, it did not resume that attitude of competition with the Council which characterized the session before, and one may also remark that, except for Professor Scialoia, no representative of the Great Powers was ever called on to assume the presidency of any one of the six commissions which divide the work of the League. On the whole, the relations of the two branches were notable for mutual deference and agreement. The Assembly has even been criticized for having been too much subject to the influence of the Council, but that is not precisely correct.

It is true that the Assembly did not endeavor as it did last year to define its privileges as against those of the Council, and was content with the rather spurious *modus vivendi* that was adopted at its previous session. It is also true that this time it was not disposed to impose its right to modify the construction of the Council by adopting a system of rotation for the designation of the non-permanent members; that it confined itself to confirming the four representatives of Belgium, Brazil, China, and Spain, who were already in

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office; and that it did not urge the enlargement of the Council by the addition of new members, both permanent and temporary, as was suggested by Chile. It is true that in the question of mandates, it did not, as last year, demand that the Council should permit the League to exercise the control that the Covenant entrusted to it. It was content to assume the good intentions of the Great Powers, meantime waiting until they should have adjusted among themselves the assignment and regulation of the mandated territory.

But this attitude of conciliation and good understanding bore fruit in a more concentrated work. A leader is required for the rise of an opposition party, and none was found around whom the little states might group themselves for new conquests in the Assembly. From the French point of view, it may be regretted that our delegation, which was asked to do so, was unwilling to play this liberal and democratic part. Presumably its instructions did not permit this; for it is said that, among all the chancelleries, that of the Quai d'Orsay is the least favorable to the extension of the League's prerogatives. Moreover, such tactics would probably have brought us into conflict with England, whose influence over the League was predominant. The Council was in session at the same time as the Assembly for its study of the Upper Silesian problem, and it is possible that the success achieved on this difficult ground by French diplomacy reacted in its relative elimination from the activities of the Assembly.

However that may be, the lack of opposition often made the sittings of the Assembly seem rather dull. The debates, complicated by the obligation to use one of two languages, French and English, and to translate the speech as soon as it was delivered, often dragged out through an atmosphere of boredom; and here also we must mention a secondary cause: extension to the sittings of the commissions of the same publicity that existed in the debates. The genuine discussions and the oratorical battles that took place before the commissions were numerous, because these bodies included delegates from each one of the states represented in the Assembly and the public press was represented. It became useless to repeat in the plenary session what had already been said, and often it was enough for the Assembly to ratify by its vote the conclusions reached by its commissions.

None the less the session of 1921 accomplished a great deal of business on its own account. Making use of its privilege, the Assembly discussed and criticized the annual report of the Council; adjusted its budget; made a close examination of the activities of the Secretariat and the International Labor Bureau; altered the status of their functionaries; heard and approved the reports on labor and the results obtained by the League's technical branches. In none of these respects could one say that it did nothing but register positive results already reached, but it must be admitted that a vast amount of preliminary study had already been accomplished for it.

The same impression is to be derived from the deliberations on the disarmament question. A competent technical commission studied the means for bringing this about. A system of control over the traffic of arms was sketched and a conference was suggested for 1922 on the question of the private manufacture of arms.

After the accomplishment of so much work, it becomes difficult to find fault with the League for inactivity, for, as a matter of fact, its programme was too full for a single session which

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could not be prolonged beyond a single month. During the last week there is no denying that the League 'hedged'; and that is the more regrettable, since the questions which — by a procedure perhaps a little too diplomatic — were reserved, were perhaps the most important. We must regret then our lack, not of enthusiasm, but of courage in refusing to deal with all the serious questions: first, that of the admission or all states; then, Prime Minister Bénès's amendment with regard to regional entente. The serious reproach to be brought against the Assembly — or, to be more exact, against the smaller states — was that they could themselves be induced to modify the terms of the Covenant, to endeavor to render meaningless certain articles which they think threaten their own responsibility of security. This occurred at least twice: in Article X, which relates to mutual guaranties exchanged by members of the League; and Article XVI, which relates to blockades.

Fairness, however, requires us to recognize that all the failures, the hesitancies, the cowardices with which one may reproach the session of the 1921 Assembly are due in great part to a cause external to the League itself. A heavy mortgage weighed upon the debates at Geneva: the prospect of the Washington Conference. How could the League occupy itself with disarmament questions when America had just summoned a Conference for that very purpose? How could it alter the Covenant when no one knew what attitude the United States would take with regard to the League of Nations, or what President Harding's conception of an association of nations would be? How could it enlarge the Council when to-morrow more Great Powers, Germany and, perhaps, even the United States might be claiming a seat there?

In such uncertainty, it was better to 'wait and see,' according to the Anglo-Saxon formula. Such must have been the state of mind of many of the delegations, especially those from the South American states, several of which did not even appear at Geneva.

There is no questioning that a close relation exists between Geneva and Washington. It does exist, though it is by no means so close as is pretended. The Conference at Washington meets for one definite object: the settlement of the Pacific question. It will seek for a formula of equilibrium in the Far East, in order to obviate, if it can, the threatened clash between Japanese expansion and American imperialism. The frightful and world-wide consequences of a new cataclysm would be such that European powers cannot hold aloof and must employ their combined efforts to prevent it. England, in particular, is in danger of being dragged in under distressing moral conditions.

The question of disarmament, which may, perhaps, be exclusively naval, can come up only after and in consequence of the agreements that have been reached. Washington will deal with special, local, and limited disarmament; and the problem of guaranties for European peace will come up only incidentally. If, however, the problem of the entrance of the United States into the present League of Nations or into a new association of nations should be discussed, that will be only incidental. This question is secondary and already a matter of indifference. It has only an indirect influence on American policy, which turns with dismay toward the coast of Asia. It served as a mere springboard for the Republican Party in the attainment of wholly domestic political ends, which to-day have been attained.

It was not, therefore, advantageous to subordinate the activity of the

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Geneva session to uncertain and indefinite events at Washington. The United States, I repeat, is little concerned at present with the League of Nations or with any other international association. It is not a vital question for America. . . .

It is not by indirect and rather dull hints that we shall gain the United States to the cause of the League of Nations. They will come to it in their own good time — when they think they have need of it; and the best means of bringing about this desirable but future end is not to weaken the Covenant in any way, not to emasculate it by eliminating those of its provisions which it is supposed may be distasteful to the United States; but, on the other hand, to strengthen it, to make it a living thing, and to show its necessity and its usefulness, and thus to draw into the League all, or nearly all, of the states of the world. Then no state can stay outside the League without isolating itself from the social life of the peoples of the world. Such should be the energetic, progressive, and sturdy policy of a new-born institution which wishes to grow and prosper; a policy of conquest and not of abdication, of constitutional progress and of stabilization.

Viewed in this light, the session of the Assembly of 1921 was less satisfactory than that of 1920. But after all, what is the delay of a single year in the life of a human institution? The League of Nations has a future of centuries before it. As I have said before, it has maintained itself and it cannot be destroyed. It took certain steps forward this year; next year they will be swifter and more astounding.

BLACK–RED–GOLD OR BLACK–WHITE–RED?

BY HANS DELBRÜCK

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When the Weimar convention decided upon a new constitution for Germany, it also adopted a new flag in order to accentuate the difference between the new Republic and the old Empire. The new colors, black-red-gold, were not chosen arbitrarily but in conformity with old national ideals.

Although the idea that these colors were the symbol of the Holy Roman Empire is altogether legendary, it is nevertheless true that in the nineteenth century the German national sentiment was unified under this black-red-gold tricolor. The origin of this color combination is not definitely known. Some believe that the black coats, the red collars, and the gold buttons of the Lützow volunteer corps in 1813 suggested it. Others assert that black-red-

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gold were the colors of a Jena Landsmannschaft, which formed the nucleus of the Burschenschaft on its foundation in 1815. Others, again, have accepted a fairy-tale concerning a young woman who designed, embroidered, and presented a black-red-gold flag to this newly formed student organization. Certain it is, at any rate, that this flag became familiar in connection with Burschenschaft activities. This student organization, with its headquarters in Jena and its branches spread through the fourteen German universities, was the first large group to announce as its programme the unification of Germany. That programme brought the Burschenschaft into trouble with the thirty-nine governments which at that time ruled a much-divided German nation. And the struggle for national unity was quite naturally bound up in those days with the movement for constitutional or republican freedom. So there was every motive for the governments to check, and, if possible, to suppress the whole movement.

It is true that Germany had at this time a centre of nationalism, to wit, the Bundestag, or Diet of the Confederation, which had been created at the Congress of Vienna. This Diet was a regular assembly of plenipotentiaries, with its seat at Frankfurt. But it was destitute of both power and prestige, and hence could not serve the national aspirations of the German people. In coarse doggerel the patriots made mirth of it: —

O Bund, du Hund, du bist nicht gesund —

The governments misused the Diet to suppress, as far as it could, the nationalist movement. Among its other measures, accordingly, the Diet ordered the dissolution of the Burschenschaft and prohibited the use of the black-red-gold flag. (1819)

But the spirit of the movement could not be strangled, and in 1848, when agitation blossomed into revolution, the black-red-gold flag was unfurled throughout the German states. Even the Diet at Frankfurt hoisted it, and King Friederich Wilhelm IV had it carried before him when, on March 21, 1848, he moved through Berlin in stately procession. The banners of the Prussian army, too, were given a black-red-gold rosette. The new national assembly elected by universal suffrage, which assembled at Frankfurt in 1848, drew up its constitution under the black-red-gold flag.

But the movement for national unity was still too weak; the anti-federal forces were too strong (especially in Prussia), and the general political situation throughout Europe was still too unfavorable. The four great powers — Austria, Russia, France, and England — were opposed to German unity. So the King of Prussia refused the proffered imperial crown; the old Diet reconvened. Black-red-gold, instead of becoming the colors of a mighty state, remained nothing more than a symbol of national aspirations.

When, in 1866 and 1870, Bismarck at last brought the national hopes to fulfillment it was the hope and expectation that he would give to the new Empire the flag which hitherto had symbolized this ideal. All the German societies and clubs raised this flag in tribute to the many enthusiasts who had gone to martyrdom for it. I remember very well my own indignation when I first realized that Bismarck was going to establish a German Empire with any flag other than the German tricolor. But I recollect equally well my thoughtful and nationalist father's reply — that we had to choose a flag with due regard to the sentiments of our soldiers who had fought against flags of black-red-gold, in 1866, when the South German states used these

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colors against us. At any rate, the North German Confederation decided upon a new combination of colors — black, white, and red.

Bismarck once confessed that he explained this selection to King William I as a combination of the Prussian black-white and the Brandenburg white-red. This explanation, of course, merely took into account the King's anti-federalist frame of mind — it has no basis in fact, nor was this explanation officially published. Brandenburg had nothing to do with the forming of the North German Confederation. The true explanation is that in the constitution of 1867 the new black-white-red tricolor was not designated as the flag of the Confederation, but of its merchant-marine. (Art. 55.) The deputy from Altona, Dr. Schleiden, was quite right when, in the debate of April 2, 1867, he explained the colors as a combination of the Prussian black-white with the widely known Hanseatic red-white. And the War Minister, General von Roon, who was also Minister of Marine and therefore qualified to reflect the attitude of the government in this matter, said: 'The proposal gives to the merchant-marine the old Prussian black and white, with the addition of red; possibly — and I believe, actually — because the Hanseatic flag was borne in mind.' General von Roon then supported a proposal to give the same flag to the navy.

Roon's cautiousness in espousing the Hanseatic explanation was possibly in deference to the plausible explanation which Bismarck gave the King. From the seacoast, at any rate, black-white-red began its triumphant march all over the land and became, by the unanimous consent of the whole nation, the flag of the German Empire. It gained this acceptance all the more easily because it symbolized the imperial constitution; combining the black and white of Prussia with the democratic 'red,' thus prefiguring the universal and equal suffrage by which the members of the Reichstag were chosen.

Under this flag the German Empire rose to greatness; under this same flag it crashed to earth again. The men who made our new republican constitution have reverted to the erstwhile sacred black-red-gold. This tricolor, too, as we have seen, has a highly honorable ancestry, yet its restoration was a grave error from every point of view. . . .

The number of Germans who recognized the black-red-gold combination, and had any reverence for it, was never large. Emerging from student circles, these colors were accepted by the middle classes; but by the rank and file of the people they were not generally adopted. In North Germany they had been almost wholly forgotten; in South Germany the memory of these colors was barely alive. Only in Austria was there much sentiment in their favor. It is certain that the decision in favor of black-red-gold was influenced by consideration for the Austrians, whom we hoped to see enter the German commonwealth.

But such considerations are not weighty enough to dictate the choice of a flag which is destined to be the enduring symbol of our Fatherland. It is a principle of democracy that whatever is to become worthy of reverence must be rooted in the hearts of all the people. Black-red-gold lives in the hearts of a small minority only; while the masses of the people cling either to the red flag, or to the black-white-red.

The age of William II was a great era for Germany. The World War drew forth unforgettable heroism — in spite of the fact that we lost it. The flag under which our people have worked and struggled and celebrated their victories cannot be abolished by a

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stroke of the pen. The new banner of black, red, and gold was chosen by a majority of the delegates at the Weimar convention, not because the soul of the people desired it, but in obedience to purely negative considerations — because they wanted neither the black-white-red flag, nor yet the red flag. Or, if there were those who wanted the latter, they could not bring about its adoption. So black-red-gold is merely a makeshift. Imagine a makeshift becoming a venerated symbol! Can the idea be otherwise than absurd? Many hard words have been directed against the blunders of William II both in diplomacy and in war. And rightly so. But a greater blunder than this flag-shifting performance on the part of the supporters of the Republic is not to be found among them. To-day the German commonwealth has an official combination of colors; but the German people have no flag! No one will buy black-red-gold! A German consul tells me that he is unable to hoist any flag at all; for to raise the old colors is to violate the law, and to display the black-red-gold means — smashed windows!

Such is the consequence of framing policies and making constitutions in accordance with philosophic definitions and discussions, without regard for the soul of the people. Why change the flag at all? Had the constitution remained silent on this matter, black-white-red would have survived with the tacit consent of all; even the Social Democrats would have accustomed themselves to this flag as the emblem of the commonwealth.

The German people have possessed a symbol of their national unity — and symbols exercise a great influence upon history. In his speech of September 30, Chancellor Wirth spoke words of truth when he said: 'He who does not honor his country's past, who does not pass down its glories from generation to generation, is not worthy to belong to a nation.'

Who honors the glories of the past cannot but honor the flag under which they were achieved. But men do no honor to a flag by allowing it to become the emblem of a mere faction among the people. To-day both flags, black-white-red and black-red-gold, have become just that; each is assailed by the hostility and scorn of the opposing party, and there is no hope that this miserable bickering will be quieted by the healing influence of time. For parties will remain, and with them their symbols. The chief sufferer is the Republic.

If it be true that black-red-gold were the colors of national hope, and black-white-red of national achievement — then black-white-red is in the nature of things the more vigorous symbol. It has its adherents not only among the parties of the Right, but even in the ranks of the Social Democrats. If the leaders of the Republic are wise, they will avail themselves of the earliest favorable opportunity to undo the mistake made at Weimar. In politics there is nothing so fallacious as the idea that when an untenable position is once assumed it must be maintained as a matter of principle. Timely retreats are the mark of good generalship.

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THE CHAOTIC CONTINENT

BY FRANCESCO SAVERIO NITTI

[*The following article is one of the most important chapters of Signor Nitti's book,* Italy Without Peace, *which is to be published shortly in four languages. The book is a relentless attack upon the work of European statesmen since the close of the war. Signor Nitti resigned from the Orlando cabinet in January, 1919, because he opposed its imperialistic policy, and after the fall of that government six months later, himself became Prime Minister of a Coalition, being compelled in turn to give up office when Signor Giolitti returned to power.*]

From the *Observer, November* 13
(MIDDLE-GROUND LIBERAL)

No just person any longer doubts the profound injustice of the Treaty of Versailles and all the treaties derived from it. But this is of small importance, as not justice and injustice, but interests and sentiment, control the relations between peoples. We have in the past seen Christian people, transplanted to America, maintain the necessity of slavery, and we have seen and every day see the same train of reasoning, yesterday imputed as a fault to the vanquished enemy, become under changed forms the idea and practice of the victor.

The conviction appears to be growing that the treaties are incapable of being enforced not only because they paralyze every activity on the part of the vanquished, but are a menace for the victors, in that, the economic unity of Continental Europe once broken, depression must result. The important thing is to limit the consequences of many even inevitable errors — to *reconstruct* where only ruins are to be seen. Each of the Allies now goes its own way, and France, which has obtained the maximum of concessions, has never been so spiritually isolated as since the Peace of Paris.

The war mentality which still endures and overthrows all feelings of generosity and solidarity, must be changed. The constant state of excitement resulting from the war in noble minds produced countless examples of abnegation and virtue. But in the ill-disposed, in the rough and violent, it increased the spirit of violence, which in the intelligent classes takes the form of domineering and a political programme of conquest, and in the multitude class-struggles, attacks against the powers of the State and the desire to earn much and work little. Even the more advanced portion of human society has not attained a moral development comparable to the intellectual. The explosion of violent feelings has formed an unbreathable atmosphere. Peoples accustomed to being dominated, finding their hands free, have thought themselves permitted to indulge in every form of violence against their former governors. The injustice of the Poles against the Germans and the Rumanians against the Magyars are examples. All of which is according to the usual tradition of the aftermath of great wars. The war of 1870 had its attempt at Bolshevism in the Commune, while the victorious power had a rapid growth of industrial organizations, socialism, and political parties based on religious principles. The same condition is to be found now.

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The first necessity, then, is to return to sentiments of peace and to renounce those propositions of hate which are to be found in the Paris treaties. As Prime Minister of Italy and as a writer and statesman, I have sought to follow these principles. Early in 1920 I had the Italian Minister at Vienna arrange a visit to Rome from the head of the Viennese Government. The head of the conquered country came with his Ministers in April to greet the head of the victorious nation, and no word recalled ancient rancors. The discussions were entirely of reconstruction, and the Italian Government gave all the aid in its power to the Austrian.

The ridiculous idea that Europe consists of two groups of peoples, of whom the Germanic-Magyar-Bulgarian group is for violence and barbarism, and the Anglo-Saxon-Latin for civilization, is not only an outrage against truth but against honesty. It is untrue to say that the Germans are unfitted for a democratic régime, or that Germany is a warlike country, and in that different from others. In the last three centuries France and Great Britain have carried on many more wars than Germany. One should read the books of the Napoleonic period to see with what contempt pacifist Germany was spoken of as a country of peasants, waiters, and philosophers. Among German writers even Treitschke shows how France was considered for a long time as the country always disposed toward war and conquest.

I believe that after the fall of the Empire democratic ideas prevailed in Germany more than in any other European country. To have resisted the disorganizing efforts of the Peace of Versailles is the merit of the democratic parties which, if loyally aided by the Entente States, will not only develop themselves, but affirm a noble democracy.

Germany in history has accustomed us to the greatest surprises. A century and a half ago it was considered a pacifist country, lacking national spirit, and it has become a warlike country with a strong national spirit. At the end of the seventeenth century Germany counted more than a hundred territories and independent States. Not even the violences of the Napoleonic wars a century later were sufficient to arouse a national conscience. It took an enormous effort of thought and action on the part of such men as Wolff, Fichte, and Hegel to awaken this conscience. Germany can also become a democratic country if the violence of her old enemies does not push her to a state of excitement which would render favorable a return to the *ancien régime*.

A great step toward peace can be made by admitting at once all States into the Society of Nations. In this League are now missing three hundred and fifty million men of civilized European stock. The League of Nations was a magnificent conception, but Article V and Article X of its fundamental statute and the exclusion of enemy countries gave it at once a character of a sort of Holy Alliance of Victors, called to regulate the impossible relations which the treaties established between victors and vanquished. On that day when all human kind will be represented and will accept bonds of international solidarity, a long stride will have been made.

The same with the Commission of Reparations established by the Versailles Treaty, an absurd union of conquerors, who interpret the Treaty as they like and can even modify the laws and regulations of conquered countries. Such a system is not possible among civilized peoples . . . and the suppression of this Commission is an urgent necessity.

Article X, which binds the League to respect and preserve from external at-

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tacks the territorial integrity and actual political independence of all the members of the League, is profoundly immoral. No honest country can guarantee the national integrity of existing States after the monstrous attribution of entire groups of Germans and Magyars, made without scruple or intelligence.

France's state of mind is a cause of real preoccupation. In America the Monroe Doctrine has returned to honor, and Americans are concerned only diffidently about European matters. Great Britain looks on at the decadence of the Continent, but, sea-girt as she is, has nothing to fear. She is a European country, but does not live a European life as Continental countries do. Even Italy, once her economic situation is overcome, may be sure of the future. But France, already twice in forty-four years at war with Germany, has no security. German peoples rapidly increase: the French do not. France, in spite of her new territories, has perhaps fewer inhabitants than in 1914.

To arrive at a policy of peace two things are necessary: —

First. France must have the assurance that for at least twenty years Great Britain and Italy undertake to defend her in case of aggression.

Second. The measures for the disarming of the conquered peoples must be maintained, even although with modifications, and the execution and control of the same be entrusted, with the largest powers, to the League of Nations.

Great Britain has the moral duty of consenting to a guarantee already spontaneously given; Italy must do likewise if she wishes really to contribute to the peace of Europe. Great Britain and Italy can give their guarantee only on condition that they guarantee a state of right, not a state of violence. The withdrawal of all troops from the line of the Rhine must coincide with a clear definition of the fate of the Germans of Austria, and of the Germans taken from Germany without motive; with that definition of the territory of the Saar, and with the unqualified attribution of Upper Silesia to Germany; it must coincide with the ending of all unbearable controls, and with the regulating of the indemnity.

The tendency of Italy towards British policies in Continental Europe depends on the fact that Great Britain has never wished or tolerated on the Continent the hegemony of any one State. England is in the Mediterranean, but only for the security of passage, not for dominion. She continues the great policy which has transformed the colonies into dominions, and, notwithstanding some errors, has always shown the greatest respect for the liberty of other peoples.

Europe will not have peace until the three progressive countries of the Continent, Germany, France, and Italy, find a harmonious path which shall unite all their energies in one sole effort.

Russia thought of a European hegemony, Germany had the complete illusion; this illusion has now penetrated certain circles in France. Can a people of forty millions, which does not grow, and already finds it difficult to dominate immense colonies, exercise any hegemonic action? Can she be a menace to Germany, which before very long will have twice as many inhabitants as France? The first step towards a common ground is to give security and reconstruction to Germany; the second is to guarantee France against the perils of a not far distant future; the third is to find by every means an agreement between Germany, France, and Italy.

The systematization of inter-Allied debts and the indemnity of Germany and other conquered countries are closely connected.

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The victors ask an indemnity from the vanquished, the enemy countries, with the exception of Germany, being in a state of extreme misery and depression. Great Britain is in debt to America; and France, Italy, and minor States are heavily in debt to America and Great Britain. Three years' experience shows that, with the best of good-will, none of the debtors has been able to pay even the interest on these debts. Great Britain could with an effort. France and Italy cannot, and on account of currency values are in a condition which constitutes a serious menace for the future.

The problems of the debts and indemnities should be resolved together by sacrifice on the part of all who participated in the war. The credits of America amount to £1,920,000,000 at par, and of England £1,760,000,000, while Great Britain owes America £840,000,000. Great Britain could easily pay her debt to America by ceding the greater part of her credits towards France and Italy.

The truly honest solution is the entire cancellation of the inter-Allied war debts. France and Italy would be greatly aided by this arrangement, Great Britain would benefit less from the remission of the debts than from the fact that her greatest credits are to Russia. The United States would have the biggest burden. But when one thinks of the small sacrifice which America put forth alongside of the effort of France and Italy (and Italy was not obliged to go to war) the new sacrifice demanded will not seem excessive.

If it is not thought best to annul all of the debts at once, there is only one solution, which is to include them in Germany's indemnity to the extent of 20 per cent, attributing to each country which has made loans to the Allies for the war its proportion. In round numbers the inter-Allied loans amount to £4,000,000,000 at par. They may be reduced to £800,000,000 and each creditor renounce his own credits towards the other Allies in order to participate proportionally in the new credit to Germany. This credit without interest could only be requested after the payment of all the other indemnities and would be taken into consideration in the total amount of the indemnities.

All illusions about the indemnities are fast fading. Nevertheless, it is right that Germany should pay an indemnity. Bismarck after 1870 asked £200,000,000. This infinitely greater war would warrant asking more, but the vanquished peoples have come out of it infinitely worse off, which is a reason for asking proportionately less.

As I stated before, the real damages to pay do not go over 40,000,000,000 marks in gold and any other figures are simply exaggerations. If it decided that Germany should accept 20 per cent of the Allied debt her indemnity may be brought to 60,000,000,000 marks at par to be paid in gold. But, besides her colonies, Germany has given in her merchant-marine, cables, railway rolling stock, war materials, government ownership in the ceded territories at least for a value of 20,000,000,000 marks.

Germany could be made to pay an indemnity equal to 60,000,000,000 marks in gold, to be payable as follows: —

(a) 20,000,000,000 to be considered as already paid.

(b) 20,000,000,000 to be paid in coal and other commodities in the proportions already established.

(c) 20,000,000,000, after having paid the second category of debts, is to be assumed by Germany as quota of reimbursement to the countries that have given credit to the Entente belligerents, to each in proportion to the sums lent.

England understood at once that if the Government of the Soviets could

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not be recognized, it was an error to encourage attempts at restoration. Barbed-wire entanglements thrown around Russia have profoundly injured the rest of Europe. It has been a block against the Allies. Before the present economic ruin, Russia was the great reservoir of raw materials where one could go with the hope of finding everything. . . .

The truth is simply this: We shall not arrive at Moscow except by passing through Berlin.

The truth penetrates slowly. The clouds are now too thick, but they will shortly clear away. The crisis now overwhelming Europe has sounded the alarm even to the most excited minds. Europe is still in the phase of doubt; but after the cries of hate and fury, doubt is a great progress. After the doubt the truth will come.

SIMPLE MARTIN

BY IVAN CANKAR

[*'Simple Martin' is one of the stories in Ivan Cankar's* Visions of Dreams, *written in what their author calls 'the years of frightfulness,' that is, the years of the World War. The story was originally in Slovenian.*]

At varying intervals there used to appear at our home a young man, a giant, asking for work. He would labor a few days, then spend his earnings on drink, and vanish. Later he would reappear, meek, submissive, smiling awkwardly, looking about like the child who has been loafing in the woods and expects to be scolded or whipped. His face did not seem to belong to his huge body with the paw-like hands. His sky-blue eyes gazed into the world innocently, like a child's, unaware of sin, without experience or realization. Whence he hailed or who his parents were, I cannot say, for every time he told a different story of himself. On occasions he seemed to have come from a well-to-do family. He was cleanly dressed, and on Sunday and holidays his clothes were even like a city gentleman's: a white vest and a striped cloak. But shortly after that he would come around bitterly complaining that there was not a spot in God's world where he could stop and call it his home. Once he bundled up his things and announced with embarrassment that he was going to be married; but when he returned about two weeks later, he looked sickly and smelled of wine. When asked about his bride he grinned foolishly, 'Eh, women!' and turned into the barn.

The other day he was carrying an enormous log uphill from the thicket, breathing heavily. 'How is it, Martin,' I wondered, 'that you are not in the army, as strong as you are?'

'Well, I've been a soldier,' he answered, 'but they would not keep me.' And his face reddened slightly.

That evening he showed me his discharge papers on which it was written that he was not of a sound mind — a simpleton, an idiot. I asked him how long and where he had served the em-

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peror, also what had he seen and experienced.

'What's the use of telling!' His innocent features were troubled.

'They did something nasty to my mess-kit while I slept.'

'What did they do?'

'Eh, what's the use of telling!'

Later, whenever I asked him about his life in the military service, he always mentioned with disgust and resentment what they had done to him one night while he slept — how they had polluted his mess-cup.

Snow fell unusually deep; in the hills as deep as up to a man's waist. And one stormy Christmas night we were sitting around the stove, when suddenly a powerful fist began hammering on the door. 'Let me in, folks — let me in!'

Martin entered. As he brushed the snow off his coat, he was shaking violently, his teeth chattering, and his eyes blinking from the light in the room.

'That's how it goes with me. — It's a long, long way, my beloved God! And steep — rough — and the snow is deeper than ever!'

He was apparently talking to himself, although he was glancing about the room. He threw his bundle into the corner, sat down by the stove and began rubbing his numbed hands.

'Where have you been, Martin, at this hour and in these snow-drifts?'

Still rubbing his hands, he shook his head and stared at the floor.

'Far away — on the other side of the valley. We had a hard time getting through. There are no roads, no houses; and this darkness.'

We gave him bread and wine. While he was eating he looked up, and I saw that this face was sickly and aged.

'Who was with you?' asked our hired-woman. 'You speak of "we."'

'Eh, who? — A wanderer. He joined me up in the hills.'

'Where have you left him?'

'Nowhere! He passed on.' And as though he were ashamed, he stared at the floor, his eyes half closed, his lips twisted into a queer, dejected smile. Then he continued: 'He does not care for company. If we happened to see a light, he pulled me in the opposite direction. — He has got a long road to travel yet, too; but he shall make it, though.'

'A funny wanderer,' laughed the hired-woman. She took a candle, yawned widely and went to sleep. Martin and I remained alone at the stove, with wine on the table in front of us. He leaned closer to me and began talking in a half-whisper that sounded to my ears as if the black and furious night itself was speaking through his bewildered heart.

'I said I came from the valley, but I did n't — what would I have been doing down there, I ask you? I said that just to keep them from asking me about the wretched wanderer. I came from the hills; that's where he joined me. I thought it was my shadow that was swaying by my side, and did not recognize him until he touched me. Then I saw who he was. It pained my heart to see him: old, very old, his beard gray, his eyes encircled and red from weeping. His cloak was torn to shreds and he was shaking from cold; besides he must have been hungry. What could I do? I held him by the arm to help him along, but I, too, was slipping and losing strength.

'Coming down, night overcame us. On the road we saw a soldier — his bayonet fixed — who was watching us suspiciously. My companion pulled me away and we proceeded straight across the fields, falling and sinking into the snow. But he uttered never a word of complaint — never. We saw a light —'

'Who was that wanderer?'

His mouth came closer to me.

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'He, Himself — Jesus —'

A cold shiver ran through me, like fear of something gigantic and powerful that was lurking just outside the door.

'He, Himself — Jesus!' Martin repeated.

We were silent. Finally he looked straight at me with his sky-blue eyes and smiled confidently.

'And I told him everything — also about that mess-cup —'

The following morning he was not to be found anywhere around the place; and I believe we shall not again see Martin, the idiot.

THE BURGENLAND COMPROMISE

BY FRANCESCO COPPOLA

From *Politica, September*
(ITALIAN POLITICAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE so-called Burgenland question is, territorially, a small matter; politically, however, it is of great importance, since it affects directly the equilibrium of Danubian Europe, and indirectly the equilibrium of the Adriatic. That is why it looms so large on the horizon of Italian foreign policy. Burgenland, or Western Hungary, — which includes the three departments of Moson or Wieselburg, Sopron or Oedenburg, and Vas or Eisenburg, — is not a vast territory and is not very densely populated; it is rich only in agricultural products, though it has some mineral wealth. It extends along the right bank of the Leitha, reaching to the Danube on the north and to the Mur on the south. Before the war this territory belonged to the Hungarian crown, but the Austrians always laid claim to it on racial, linguistic, and cultural grounds. Popular sentiment and economic interests have been, and are, divided. With the advent of peace, — that is, with the definition of the boundaries of the new states arising out of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, — Austria demanded the annexation of Burgenland, while Hungary objected.

At this very time, however, — and with the same effrontery by means of which the Slavs of the former monarchy have so often succeeded in defrauding both the victor and the vanquished, — two more claimants came to the front: Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. Neither of these had any legal, ethnical, or linguistic grounds on which to base their claims; their motives were purely imperialistic, flaunted and supported with characteristic Balkan impudence. Burgenland, from Presburg in the north (on the Czechoslovak frontier) to Toka on the south (on the Yugoslav frontier), was to have formed that oft-mentioned 'corridor,' into which the Slavs of the north and those of the south were wedges themselves between Austria and Hungary, separating either or both, and in which, by directly joining their forces, they would find sufficient scope for moving *en masse* to the north or to the south, according to the

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necessities of defense. It was to be, in short, the corridor along which, by completing the circle of the Little Entente, the Slav hegemony over the Danubian and Balkan world could be solidified. But it was also the corridor by which Czechoslovakia was to get access to the Adriatic, thus obtaining her 'free outlet on the sea.' Russia, too, in the event of an imperial restoration, would have this corridor for a line of advance to the Italian sea.

Such an arrangement would have been very dangerous to Italy, and it was because of firm Italian opposition that the Peace Conference rejected the Slav plans. This rebuff, however, did not altogether silence the ambitions of Belgrade and Prague. Their demands having been dismissed, it became necessary to decide between the claims of Austria and Hungary. It was clear that unless Italy could safely count on controlling Austrian policy firmly, directly, and permanently, the best interests of Italy required her to support the Hungarian claims. It was clear that Hungary, much stronger than Austria both in armed strength and in economic resources, with a stronger nationalism and a stronger antipathy to the Slavs, gave promise of erecting in Burgenland, between the Czechoslovaks and the Yugoslavs, a much stronger barrier than could be raised by the weak and needy Austrian Republic with its socialist inclinations.

To support Hungary on the Burgenland question was, therefore, Italy's only possible course in what should have been her unswerving Danubian and Balkan policy — a policy fundamentally anti-Slav, pivoted in the north on Hungary, and in the south on Bulgaria and Albania. But neither Tittoni nor Scialoia understood this cardinal principle of Italian policy. Then came Sforza's plan to bring about the complete overthrow of the whole idea with the monstrous artifice of a 'Slav friendship' — a plan which led to the Treaty of Rapallo, to the anti-Hapsburg convention, and to the pseudo-alliance with the Little Entente. Our delegates did not understand Italy's special interest in the Burgenland question, and they therefore raised no objection to the provision in the Treaty of Trianon, which preferred Austria to Hungary in the 'corridor.' So Burgenland, or more exactly, the western part of Burgenland was taken from Hungary and assigned to Austria.

But although the Burgenland controversy was settled in principle by the Treaty, it was presently reopened in fact, following the attempt to execute the terms of the Treaty. The Treaty of Trianon having been ratified in the early part of this summer, Hungary was to have surrendered Burgenland to Austria on the twentieth of August. Instead of doing this, however, Hungary continued to occupy part of the territory, and, in the part which she evacuated, gave aid to or promoted from the very beginning the local uprisings of the pro-Magyar population. Then came the concentration of the guerrilla or irregular bands which, from their make-up and equipment, together with the personnel of the political and military leaders who had organized and were directing them, showed all too clearly their political and military connection with Budapest. These bands did not limit themselves to occupying and reoccupying the contested territory; they did not limit themselves to organizing and assisting the local revolts and resistance, or to ousting the Austrian police and garrisons; in some cases, they even crossed the old boundary and threatened the near-by cities of Austria. Finally, when officially disavowed by the central government, they formed a Committee of Defense, presided over by the same Frederick who in 1919

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was premier with Archduke Joseph, and then for a long time Minister of War under Horthy. This Committee, in turn, attempted to form a provisional government and to proclaim the independence of Western Hungary. Meanwhile, in the heat of the struggle, Hungary found free vent for the spontaneous expression and exaltation of her national tradition — monarchism. Little by little the two motives merged; the happenings in Burgenland acquired importance and significance through their connection with the monarchist movement. The latter was directed not only and not so much against Austria as against the Austrian Republic, thus finding a sympathetic response in the monarchist parties of Austria herself, and hence becoming doubly dangerous to the republican government at Vienna.

In the meantime, the Viennese republican government appealed to the powers of the Entente, framers of the Treaty, to intervene and to compel the execution of its provisions; but the Little Entente — anti-Magyar and anti-Hapsburg — was already stripped for action. Czechoslovaks and Yugoslavs were concentrating troops on the Hungarian border, anxious, as they said, to help Austria enforce with arms the violated authority of the Treaty, but, as a matter of fact, merely impatient to see the weak and precarious Viennese republic installed in Burgenland in the place of the monarchic and bellicose Hungary. Above all this, however, the Little Entente was anxious to grasp a respectable pretext for attacking the feared and hated Magyars, and more particularly to occupy for themselves, by force of arms, the much-sought 'corridor,' trusting that having once presented a *fait accompli*, it would be very difficult for the Great Powers to undo the tangle. At this point Italy, through the Marquis della Torretta, intervened.

Naturally — at least in the beginning — Italy's action should not have been isolated. It should have been merely the precursor of collective action on the part of the Entente, which had made the Treaty and was bound to see it respected. Still it was obvious that this initiative should fall upon Italy. Among the powers of the Entente, Italy is not only the nearest and the one most vitally interested in the political equilibrium of the Danubian region, but is also the direct and only victor over the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. For these reasons Italy was entitled to a position of authority with respect to the new states that arose through her victory, and to a special right of supervision over the political remains of the destroyed empire. This authority is to be numbered among the most important fruits of the war, and Italy cannot renounce her right to it without serious danger.

In view of this necessity for Italian intervention, what was to be Italy's attitude to the new situation? Surely no longer that of the days when the Treaty of Trianon was under discussion. Then it was a matter of knowing whether Burgenland was to be assigned to Austria or to Hungary. To-day this issue no longer exists; whether for better or for worse, the question has been settled. The only new question was whether the Treaty should or should not be executed, who should enforce its execution, and by what means. Above all, it was a question whether the Hungarian attempt to violate the Treaty should be permitted to serve as a pretext for others to violate it even more seriously, and to the direct injury of Italy. Confronted by this new phase of the problem, Italy's course was clear and can be set forth as follows: —

First. To demand unconditional compliance with the treaties. The treaties of peace — whether they be good or

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bad, just or unjust — are the sanction of the common victory. The Treaties of St.-Germain and of Trianon are more especially the sanction of the Italian victory. True enough, the treaties framed by the Peace Conference may be — in fact must be — in good time revised and corrected. But this revision shall and must be promoted, or even imposed, by the will of the victors, not by that of the vanquished. To allow the vanquished to challenge or to reopen the treaties would be to allow them to dispute the victory of the Allies. To allow them to challenge or to reopen the Treaties of St.-Germain and Trianon, would be to allow them to dispute the Italian victory. Nothing of that sort can be permitted — Italy's stand on this point is inflexible. It is all the more inflexible because victorious Italy, in order to execute loyally the monstrous Treaty of Rapallo, has endured the suffering of a fratricidal war in Fiume, and has not baulked at the painful abandonment of Dalmatia. It is for these and for other reasons that Italy has, more than any other power, the right and the duty of not tolerating under any pretext whatever, an attempt to violate the treaties — neither by the Hungarians in Burgenland, by the Poles or Germans in Upper Silesia, nor by the Yugoslavs in Baranga or in Albania. To tolerate a single violation would be to consent to the violation of everything. It would not only make possible the frustration of our victory but would render all our sacrifices vain, even those most painful ones which we, after victory, have accepted and borne.

Second. To give Austria secure guarantees for the firm protection of her recognized rights. This guarantee should come from the Entente in general and from Italy in particular, so that her dismaying weakness may not compel her to seek protection elsewhere, either in annexation to Germany, or by joining the Little Entente — either of which alternatives would be equally dangerous to Italy, and equally unpermissible.

Third. To prevent absolutely any Czechoslovak or Yugoslav intervention with intent to establish their occupation of the 'corridor' as a *fait accompli*, and thus to gain for the Slavs a dominant position in the Danubian region. It behooves Italy to eliminate every pretext of Slav intervention, to prevent such intervention if possible, and, if it does occur, to suppress it.

This triple phase of Italian interest marked out most clearly the course of Italian intervention: it aimed to bring about action on the part of the Entente, to secure from Hungary a compliance with the Treaty of Trianon, and thus to deflect as superfluous any interference from the Slavs. With these aims in view, the Marquis della Torretta acted.

At the very beginning of this trouble, Italy informed Budapest of the necessity for a strict execution of the Treaty, and informed Vienna of the action which Italy intended to take in order to safeguard the rights of Austria; notified Prague and Belgrade of the futility and therefore the inadmissibility of intervention on their part; and informed both Paris and London of the opportunity for a prompt and vigorous move on the part of the Entente. The Allies, however, accepting the opinions of the three ministers of the Entente at Budapest, thought it wise to send friendly remonstrances to the Magyar Government. They received an evasive answer; the local resistance continued as before; the guerrilla bands grew; a Committee of Defense was formed, and there were rumors of a general Hungarian mobilization. Thus appeared the necessity of a prompt and resolute move, such as has already been suggested by Italy. So a collective ultima-

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tum from the Entente was transmitted on September 22, by the Council of Ambassadors to the Hungarian Government. It ordered Hungary to evacuate the contested territory by October 4, and the threat that if this were not done, pressure would be brought to bear.

Italy's firm policy had immediate and gratifying results — the abandonment by both Hungary and Austria of their extreme positions, and the consequent elimination of any pretext for intervention on the part of the Little Entente. This was already a great step forward. But it was not enough. The principle of compromise having been accepted, there arose the question of foreign mediation between Austria and Hungary. This task of mediation, in order to preserve and consolidate her regained position of Danubian prestige, could not and should not have fallen to anyone but Italy. Hungary, in fact, requested Italian mediation, but meanwhile M. Bénès, Foreign Minister of the Czechoslovak Republic, offered — even thrust forward — his own services at Vienna and at Budapest, as at Paris and London. Vienna seemed willing to accept the Bénès offer, and it is more than likely that both the French and the British governments looked upon its acceptance with favor, as likely to prevent an increase of Italy's prestige. This attitude involved danger, because Italy would thereby have been deprived of the political fruits of her action; because the Slavs of the former monarchy would have had the opportunity of resuming through channels of diplomacy that attempt at hegemony which, in a military sense, they had been forced to renounce; and because Austria and Hungary would soon have found themselves protégés of the Little Entente. Such a situation would have meant a long step toward that Danubian federation for Slav supremacy which it is Italy's capital interest to prevent.

In the face of these dangers the Marquis della Torretta acted quickly and decisively. Having communicated to Vienna the Hungarian request for Italian mediation, and having received a favorable response, he immediately applied to the Council of Ambassadors for the appointment as mediator. After some discussion and hesitation on the part of the Council, its approval was finally given.

This discussion and hesitation, even though brief, sufficed to reveal once more the spirit of Allied policy toward Italy. The French Government, which, after realizing the dangers of isolation, is now bestirring itself to repair the consequences of the anti-Italian policy pursued by Clemenceau and his successors, immediately accepted Italy's mediation. The French press — more frank, perhaps — was unable to conceal its almost unanimous dissatisfaction; some newspapers, which are notoriously solicitous of our 'best' interests, such as the *Journal des Débats*, anxiously warned Italy against the dangers of the so-called 'policy of prestige.' Others, such as the *Homme Libre*, bemoaned the fact that Italy was 'usurping a function which should naturally have fallen to France.' Why it should naturally fall to France would be difficult to understand were it not complacently assumed that France is entitled by divine right to the supreme direction of all European affairs!

In England, although there is talk of a general Anglo-Italian agreement, the opposition was much more tenacious and unjustifiable. In the Council of Ambassadors the English representative, who, together with the other members of the Council had approved Italian mediation and the consequent sending of the ultimatum to Hungary, appeared the next day with puerile

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excuses based upon 'poor telephone service,' to withdraw the consent which he had already given. Count Bonin Longare, who presided over the Council of Ambassadors with his usual reverential timidity, was so weak-willed as to accept such a specious excuse, and a few more days were needed to get a final decision from London. England did not sanction the time-extension of the ultimatum, as being a violation of the Treaty; but she did approve the policy of Italian mediation.

It was now October 5. On the fourth, the last day which the time limit allowed for evacuation, the Hungarians had already withdrawn their regular troops from Burgenland — with the exception of the garrisons requested by the Inter-Allied Military Commission — and the Austrians, after a great deal of hesitation, had been induced to content themselves with the provisional execution of the Treaty.

Following this came the Conference of Venice, on October 11, presided over by the Marquis della Torretta; Austria sent her Chancellor, Schober; while Hungary was represented by Premier Betlen and Foreign Minister Banffy. Thus the second phase of the controversy drew to a successful close. Italian mediation was now making itself effective, all danger of Slav intervention was eliminated; the political invasion of the Little Entente was forestalled; Italy's authority was recognized by Austria and Hungary; and the predominance of Italy's interests in questions affecting these regions was recognized by the Allies.

There remained only the concluding phase, in which it was necessary to play the rôle of mediator with success. From the very first meeting the solution seemed much more difficult than might have been expected. It is true that the Hungarians had already signified their intention of terminating all resistance to the Treaty on condition that the city of Oedenburg, with a small strip surrounding it, should be restored to them — even if this were done under color of a plebiscite. It was also true that Austria had agreed to this concession if the the effective and complete evacuation of Burgenland was brought about, and essential guaranties established. But at the last moment the Austrian delegates received word from their Parliamentary Commission to concede nothing. The Hungarian delegates, moreover, had left behind them an exasperated nation in arms. To the Conference the Austrians brought a treaty — the Hungarians an army.

The course of the Venice Conference is well known. The first discussions were sharp and dramatic. On the night of the eleventh, it appeared that the negotiations would fail; and the Austrian delegates announced their departure; but the resolute work of the Italian Minister overcame the obstinacy on both sides. In a long discussion with Schober that same night, the Italian Minister persuaded him to accept the guaranties offered by the Hungarians, together with the greatest guaranty of all — the word of the Entente, endorsed by Italy. So the Austrian Chancellor decided not to leave. On the following night an agreement was reached, and on the thirteenth the Convention was signed. Hungary promised the complete evacuation of Burgenland even by the guerrilla bands; Austria agreed to a plebiscite (which, in fact, meant surrender) for Oedenburg; and the financial relations of the two countries were straightened out. Italy's task was done.

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MODERN RUSSIAN LITERATURE

BY ANDRÉ LEVINSON

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NOTHING is more difficult than to sum up the present state of Russian literature, or to give a satisfactory estimate of it as a whole. It has undergone a double crisis of incalculable importance during the few years since the declaration of war. From that moment there appeared a departure, which grew more and more obvious, from the traditions that had previously seemed fundamental. Later the Bolshevist domination — either by wiping out the intellectuals or by sending them into voluntary exile — set up a new and highly complex movement which was definitely to change the direction of the current. The attitude that gave the Russian literature of the days before the war its 'heroic character' — according to the famous formulas enunciated by Professor Venguéroff — was that of a continuous and formidable protest against the existing state of things.

This mental attitude took, on the one side, the form of direct criticism of the old régime; a criticism which directed itself as much against the methods of repression practised by Tsarism as against its thirst for conquest — as for example in Leonid Andreyev's *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, and *The Red Laugh*. In its other aspect it suffered 'the torment of the beyond,' a romantic refusal to accept creation as it is, an attitude exemplified in Dostoyevsky. The last act of Tolstoy, his flight from his home and family, was such a protest; the picturesque insolence of Gorky's 'lost ones' was such a defiance. The saddened lyricism of a Chekhov found its consolation in the fact that 'life will be beautiful in two or three hundred years.' And what do the deliriums of an Artzybashev or the mystic frenzy of Merejkovsky's group represent, if not the need to escape from the brutal realities of the reactionary powers triumphant over the revolutionists of 1905.

The very idea of the fatherland — identified with an official Russia and overwhelmed by the bureaucracy — scarcely figures among the familiar conceptions of the Russian writers. Their inspiration was the 'muse of vengeance and of sorrow' invoked by Nekrassov, and their characteristic attitude was indignant denial and fervent hope for Utopia. Literature was either an unparalleled weapon, or else a powerful narcotic, a source of forgetfulness, an 'artificial paradise.'

Ten years later the duel with Japan called forth no literature except a flood of pamphlets and revelations. It was a general *j'accuse*. The writers constituted themselves the idealists of liberating defeat. Such works as Kuprin's *The Encounter*, which made his name illustrious, exemplify the intellectual party's condemnation of the military state.

But, before the great conflict which brought the great empire to blows with Germany, a subtle and almost complete change was produced. The best literature ranged itself by the side of the government, which proclaimed that the cause of liberty was its own — just as, a century before, the future

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Decembrists had attacked the Napoleonic tyranny. It was the lyric poets who put themselves at the head of this spontaneous movement, and others followed with enthusiasm. To find a precedent for this patriotic fever one must go back to the days of the burning of Moscow, or seek for the demonstrations of the slavophiles Khomiakov and Pioutchev, celebrating the defeat of the Polish insurrection. If the 'sacred union' was nothing but a generous illusion for Russia, which could not last, it at least seized the imagination of the great symbolist poets, Solohoub, and Alexander Block. One of the chiefs of the younger generation, Serge Gorodetzky, the interpreter of the primitive mythology of the Slavs, had just proclaimed the 'communion of the Tsar with the people,' though it is true that to-day we see him celebrating in dithyrambic verse the sickle and the hammer, emblems of the Soviet and the energy of the Bolshevik.

The martyrdom of Belgium was an inexhaustible source of inspiration. In the theatre, productions of the day multiplied. But only Leonid Andreyev's drama, *King, Law, and Liberty* kept its place on the boards. The action of this piece is built around the noble figure of the poet, modeled upon Maurice Maeterlinck, who inspires the king to the supreme sacrifice — the opening of the dikes. Since that time a fragment of a dialogue between William II and a Russian scientist, a volunteer in the Belgium army, has been found among the papers of Andreyev, who died in Finland. This imaginary dialogue proves the constant preoccupation of the moralist haunted by the problem of his responsibility.

The story-tellers followed the poets closely. We see remarkable writings gathered up in *Loukomorie*, a collection edited by one of the members of the Souvorin family, the son of the great reactionary journalist. Kouzmin, Solohoub, even the Socialist Oliger, contributed mediocre and inferior productions to these collections.

Those works dealing with the war are characterized by almost the same stereotyped ideas. There is always a German, the hypocritical fiancé of the heroine who, once war is declared, reveals himself as the worst sort of a brute, and a spy besides. Battle-scenes are described with equal artificiality — reproductions of the sound of the detonations, or the enthusiastic shouts of the assault. The writers far behind the line are less concerned with the bloody reality of war than with its glorious trappings. One can imagine Merejkovsky's indignation as he protested against 'these nightingales singing in blood.' Having broken with the great pacifist traditions set up by Tolstoy, and being deprived of immediate impressions, these writers experimented with — or else, less conscientious, actually produced — 'pretty writings'; and so to-day not a line survives of their hasty sketches.

Another literary *genus* established itself, however, that of the war-correspondent. Many eminent authors attached to the auxiliary service of the army sent their stories of the war to the great periodicals. The novelist, Alexis Tolstoy, the poet Valleri Bryusov, and many others were in the number of the correspondents. A philosopher, Fedor Steppoune, published, under a pseudonym, *The Letters of a Second Lieutenant of Artillery* — a work which will live. Goumilev, a young schoolmaster, twice decorated and then wounded, wrote verses *On the Holiest of Wars*, as he advanced through East Prussia at the head of his hussars. It is to him also that we owe the chronicles of the campaign. But these anguished, or merely picturesque, descriptions of the war, seen at first-hand, do not by any means

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constitute works of art. We possess in them only the scattered elements of a great epic that is yet to be written.

The war was accepted by all the literary groups as a necessity imposed by the German menace, or as a renewal of the national life. Only one man stood out against the current — Maxim Gorky. He had left Italy in order to establish at Petrograd the review *Liétopis* (*Annals*) an organ of internationalist propaganda. Except for this he abstained from any political activity. In a leading article which was violently discussed, he set side by side the two souls of Russia — the soul of Europe, bent on action, contrasted with the soul of Asia, dreamy and inactive. There followed two works that reëstablished Gorky's artistic prestige, which had been weakened by his novels, highly artificial in conception, on Socialist themes. In *Childhood* and *Among Men* he described the early years of his life. There is nothing more moving than to follow the formation of this soul, developing amid the most poignant scenes, picturesque or burlesque, of popular life on the Volga. This animated biography takes its place among the classics, the memories of childhood of an Aksakoff or a Tolstoy.

However great the temptation to go on with a general picture of Russian literature to-day, I must give some attention to individual work. During the years of the war, although no new literary form was developed, the art of the novel was enriched by three remarkable productions. *Alexander I*, by Merejkovsky, is a chronicle of the reign which fixed the destiny of Russia for a century. Merejkovsky proceeds by antithesis. In the *Trilogy*, to which he owes his distinction, he opposed Christianity to Paganism. In his mystic philosophical works he tried to establish a synthesis, the religion of the Holy Spirit.

In *Alexander I* we see the forces of reaction in conflict with the youthful nobility stirred by revolutionary fervor. The soul of the Emperor is sadly divided, and he fails to meet the dilemma. The throng of historical personages who play a part in this drama of a whole country present themselves to us in two aspects: real so far as precise documentation and the painting of historical settings are concerned; fictitious so far as these characters are intended to be twisted to the preconceived ideas of the author, although the book itself was conceived in the years which preceded the war.

That Which Was Not, a novel by Boris Savinkov, the famous political adventurer, is equally representative of a page of more recent history. It is a picture of the revolution of 1905 and its defeat — a work based on the sensations and personal memories of the author, who was a very active terrorist organizer. The literary qualities of this novel were not solid enough to allow of its survival after a sensational but ephemeral success.

I may also mention another work of distinction: *Petersburg*, by André Byely, one of the most remarkable men of the symbolist generation: poet, novelist, critic, and anthroposophist. As a thinker Byely leans upon German philosophy and ultimately on that of Steiner; and in his quest after a new form of expression, he presents himself as a rival of the great French initiators, as a Mallarmé or a Rhimbaud. For the overwhelming task of making over the novel, he prepared himself by a series of 'symphonies in prose.' *Petersburg*, based on a fantastic conception of the capital, — 'the most artificial in the world' as Dostoyevsky would say, — has special value because of the word-study of the author. This clever rhythmic prose, surcharged with assonances and other phonetic tricks,

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enriched with grotesque or pathetic metaphors and suggestive epithets, forms a whole that is as complicated as a labyrinth, yet lightened by gleams of genius. To read *Petersburg* is a labor; and yet this book, so full of suggestions, seems to mark an important change in the evolution of the Russian language.

But the moment was approaching when all literary aspirations were to grow sombre in the torment of the revolution.

When, after a year of convulsions, the Communist dictatorship was established, it had an important effect upon literary production. In view of the situation that was forced upon the intellectuals by triumphant Bolshevism, literature could adopt only one attitude without perishing: silence. Authors resolutely refrained from writing, for had they dared to speak, measures would have been taken to deal with them.

Once all publications outside the official press had been eliminated, printing material declared state property, distribution of paper subject to control, nothing remained for men of letters who refused to rally to the support of the new régime. Misery was their lot so far as material things were concerned.

One man alone accepted the task of maintaining if not literature, at least the existence of literary men. This was Maxim Gorky. Some hundreds of literary men owe to him liberty, the food that saved them from famishing, very often life itself. I do not regard myself as qualified to discuss the political conduct of this man, who is so generally attacked. Some day a resurrected fatherland will judge him. To combat the bad faith of a hypocritical and brutal government, he had to struggle without truce in the cause of the intellectuals. I cannot speak here of his purely humanitarian undertakings, but his enterprise of *World Literature* ought to be mentioned. It is a series of translations of all the distinguished literary work that appeared on the two continents from the dawn of the French Revolution to our own day. The plan of these publications was worked out independently by a chosen body of literary men and scientists; and all the competent men were gathered together in this design of unification and civilization.

By the making of translations, the writing of notes and prefaces, they endured the worst times somehow, although the situation of all these authors, condemned to translating the works of others and forbidden to produce anything themselves, was somewhat paradoxical.

There is no need to say that *World Literature* was nothing but a generous illusion. By a clever manœuvre, the men at the head let the writers go on with their work, but did not give them the paper necessary for publication. In this way *World Literature* won resounding acclaim, even dazzled credulous people, in other countries; but, as a matter of fact, it was reduced to nothing.

Gorky, wearied by the burden of irreconcilable responsibilities, and a struggle without glory and without effect, himself produced very little. A play for the popular theatre, *The Workman Who Talks Well*, designed to cure the victorious proletarian of his distaste for work and his love of talk, was hissed, and then forbidden, on the ground that it was an attack on the majesty of the people. Some *Memories of Leo Tolstoy* were much admired; but in playing the rôle of the devil's advocate in a panegyric of Lenin, he had definitely alienated the people's minds.

In view, however, of the silent but obstinate protest of the literary men,

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the need for an official art was brought home to the despots. There were the futurist poets, who had just come to the front with their new master, Mayakowski, at their head. They saw in the distress of the national soul 'the means to arrive.' Their leader — a man of talent but wholly devoid of scruples, and athirst for notoriety — put at the service of the most debased demagogues his poetry, with its powerful rhythm and its marked sonority, abundant in images of deliberate and unexampled brutality. His *Mystery Play*, a kind of comedy in the manner of Aristophanes, in which he makes a chorus of workmen pass through hell and heaven so that they may come out at last in the promised land of Communism, crowned with the greatest pomp, fell flat. People were stupefied to see the shade of Tolstoy scoffed at in the open theatre by a Russian poet. A new poem, *The One Hundred and Fifty Millions* proclaimed the so-called Bolshevist faith of the Russian masses.

Mayakowski was supported by other adepts no less observant of the official ideals — Kliouev, a peasant of the government of Olonetz, drawing his inspiration from the primitive direct speech, chief of a mystic sect in his own country, the panegyrist of Bolshevism, in his poem, *A Copper Whale;* Ezenine; Valleri Bryusov, 'the faultless master' of the symbolist group, who is to-day the administrator of Communist letters; and the Imaginists who, with Cherchenevitch and Marienhof, 'the syndicate of poets,' knew how to win the good-will of Lunacharsky, and to secure many a subsidy from him.

At the same time, efforts were made to replace what was called bourgeois poetry by proletarian art. Everywhere the 'Proletcults' were found — associations destined to support this movement, hothouses in which these artificial flowers were cultivated. The workman poets, or those who so styled themselves, a Guerassimov, a Gastev, are the relentless imitators of Verhaeren, of Walt Whitman, the great American, and of their bourgeois colleagues. Their works are nothing but *pastiches*, of merely relative importance.

But the great Bolshevist cataclysm, the frenzied outbreak of the masses, the moral overthrow, the destructive madness of a few crazy people destroying themselves, would still have had to wait for literary expression if one inspired and remarkable poem had not appeared. This is *The Twelve*, by Alexander Block, the poet of *The Fair Lady*, the well-beloved mystic, whose previous work had been the last flowering of an exhausted but still captivating romance. This poem — the song of songs of the October Revolution — describes the lugubrious night march of the Red Guards with a phantom Petrograd for a setting. At the end of the poem you see — a blasphemous conclusion — Christ appearing through the whirling snow and pointing out the way to the ghastly squad. By a kind of Messianic mysticism, the poet attributes to these sinister figures an unconscious mission, which is almost divine.

No work has stirred up such vehement discussion, for the Bolsheviki themselves feared a trick hidden in this apotheosis of their own ideas; but the skill and intuition of the artist are marvelous. He employs a composite style, in which the *argot* of the pavement and the prison mingles with the jargon of public meetings, popular refrains, orthodox prayers, and the seraphic, winged sweetness of the words describing the appearance of the Christ.

Were we to confine ourselves to printed works, we should now have given a fair summary of the state of literature during the Soviet régime. But the authors, forbidden other ways

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of securing a public, bethought themselves of communicating their writings orally to readers equally exasperated by the requirements of the official press. Little by little lectures, then the 'almanacs,' and then the 'spoken reviews' increased in number. We may see Remisoff reciting his learned and delightful paraphrases of the old popular dramas; we may see Zamiatin reciting striking short stories — vivid in style and grotesque as silhouettes; and we may see the critics analyzing these unpublished authors by word of mouth. No repression could wipe out completely the whole force of a literary generation. Though her hands were bound, the muse sang during her time of torture.

In his celebrated work on the literary movement of the nineteenth century, the Danish critic, Georg Brandes, entitled one of the two volumes devoted to France: *The Literature of the Exiles*. Some day, perhaps, the literature of the Russian exiles will form a collection no less imposing; but to-day there is little to presage such an event. Russian literature abroad, though it is rich in names already illustrious, is lacking in new writers, and struggles in vain to raise itself; for it is an uprooted literature, the work of men fascinated by the spectacle of their agonized fatherland, overwhelmed with an irremediable nostalgia, left alone in a world which is making itself anew, and separated from their land and from their dead.

Paris is the sheltering place of precious *débris*. There is Bounin, who is the natural chief of this group, an undoubted master. His pessimism, his objective method, the austere character of his style, make one think of a Flaubert, but a Terrorist Flaubert. His work cannot be reduced to brief formulas. He swears an implacable and uncompromising hatred of Bolshevism, making himself, as it were, a counterpoise to Gorky, whom he attacks with fierce invectives and ferocious irony. There are also the novelist Kuprin; the poet Balmont, the idol of the young men of 1905, who writes a good deal with the fieriness of youth; Grebenchtikoff, who paints the life of the Siberian desert in a powerful yet simple way; Madame Teffy, who, though she cultivates writing of the amusing sort, is by no means lacking in agreeable lyric qualities; Aldanov, the historian of Lenin, who recently published a novel on Napoleon 'in the manner of Anatole France.'

Sometimes it happens that it is the books and not the authors who are exiled. Merejkovsky is publishing in Paris his last novel, *December Fourteenth* (the date of the military insurrection against Nicholas I in 1825), although he wrote it in Soviet Russia. This was the subject that haunted Leo Tolstoy, and it will be remembered that the last part of *War and Peace* might have served as a transition to a volume on the Decembrists. Fedor Solohoul, who is now living in Russia was able to publish his novel, *The Snake-Charmer*, abroad — a rather insignificant episode and somewhat tainted by a certain opportunism. The charmer is a young girl of the working class, good, beautiful, and intelligent, who succeeds in completely transforming the character of her bourgeois patrons. One cannot be very much astonished to see the style, even of a celebrated writer, going to pieces under the influence of this factitious piece of work, which is optimistic without conviction. This enfeebling of a powerful talent — is it not a symptom of the incurable disease that is affecting all Russian creative endeavor? These pages — are they not written on the walls of a prison?

But Russia's terrific misfortune has not destroyed all sources of inspiration. Count Alexis Tolstoy has just finished

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a book of the greatest scope: *The Road of Torture*, a novel which is now being published in the Russian review, *Contemporary Notebooks*. The action takes us from the beginning of the war to the beginning of the Revolution. Numerous persons, drawn from the most diverse social classes of Russia, move through the action, of which the declaration of war, the offensive in Galicia, the flight of the hero from an Austrian prison-camp, the murder of Rasputin, and the upheaval of 1917, are the principal incidents. The book is a monument erected to the martyred people, an effort to untangle the causes of the catastrophe; and it is also a novel of adventure, full of surprises and striking episodes.

The Road of Torture is not a first book, for the third Tolstoy has already published many a novel, captivating alike for the interest of a story well told and for the beauty of its style. His heroes of everyday life, grotesque and ludicrous as they are, the last wearers of gentlemen's cast-off clothing, eccentrics indulging their manias, win for him a place apart among Russian novelists. It is even possible that *The Road of Torture*, once it is finished, may carry Tolstoy to the head of the literary movement of exiled Russia.

I trust that, in this very summary study, though striving to avoid fastidious classifications, I have asserted the essential facts, whose more extended analysis would serve to give a complete picture of the Russian literature of our day. I have abstained from all prophecy; but who can doubt the inexhaustible resources of the Russian genius? The day, no doubt, is near at hand when the soul of Russia will again burst into flower amid the rubbish; when Lazarus will break from the grave and rise to light and liberty.

MARK AKENSIDE, POET AND PHYSICIAN

BY EDMUND GOSSE

From the *Sunday Times*, *November* 13
(INDEPENDENT JOURNAL)

SOMETHING very subtle links the practice of literature to the profession of medicine. What it is I cannot tell, but the fact subsists that if you see a surgeon or a physician meditating alone, there are ten chances that he is busy composing a sonnet to one chance that an engineer or a bank manager or a brewer is doing the same. It is no new thing: from early times the doctors have been apt to be men of letters. Their profession has two faces, as was said of Rabelais, one turned to time, one to eternity, and the author of *Pantagruel* was the type of the literary physician. He abounds in all countries, but with us in England he has been particularly frequent, from Lodge, whose *Rosalynde* inspired the *As You Like It* of Shakespeare, down to the present Poet Laureate, whom I remember forty years ago on the staff

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of St. Bartholomew's. Keats is the most illustrious example, but there are many others.

It was, however, in the eighteenth century that the literary doctors flourished most freely. They began with Sir Samuel Garth and his famous poem of *The Dispensary*, and with Blackmore, who rhymed to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels. They included Mandeville, who wrote *The Fable of the Bees*, and Arbuthnot, everybody's physician and author of *Law is a Bottomless Pit*, and Armstrong, whose verses were excellent, but are said to have 'marred his practice as a physician.' The poet's frenzy is thought by patients to be incompatible with a good bedside manner. But of all the literary doctors who adorn the history of our country, the one in whom the gifts of literature and science were most nicely balanced was Mark Akenside, whose two hundredth birthday was celebrated, not, I am afraid, very enthusiastically, last Wednesday.

His real name was Akinside, and so it is printed on some of his earlier publications. But when he came up to London to practise he changed it to Akenside. The original form I suppose he felt to be a little embarrassing for a family practitioner. He was the son of a respectable butcher of the Presbyterian persuasion. When the poet was seven years old, his father's cleaver, with which, I am afraid, he was playing, fell on his foot, and cut it so severely that he was lame during the rest of his life. It is said that this misfortune constantly brought before his mind the lowness of his birth, about which he was always too sensitive.

Mark Akenside was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne on November 9, 1721. The principal forces of what we call the Age of Queen Anne were in full movement, though Addison was already dead, and Prior dying. A new school was just beginning to be heard of in the hands of Young and Thomson. The butcher's son at Newcastle was exceedingly precocious, and before he was sixteen years of age gave signs of an originality which deserved attention, and should have developed along more favorable lines than it actually did. If the original edition of *The Virtuoso* did not exist with the date, April, 1737, printed upon it, it would be difficult to believe in its genuineness, since it is the earliest of all the pseudo-Spenserian imitations which were presently to become so common and to influence poetic taste so vividly. The astonishing butcher's boy employs the difficult stanza of *The Faerie Queene* with complete success; and this is a sign of that resistance to the all-absorbing heroic couplet which was to mark almost the whole career of Akenside.

It is a sad fact that *The Virtuoso* promises a better poet than Akenside, with all his ambition, ever contrived to become. The subject of it is a satire, or skit, directed, with juvenile impertinence, against the growing interest in physical science, and this by itself is odd in the first work of a boy who was to become a distinguished man of science. He jeers at a savant who

> could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,
> And read a lecture o'er the entrails of a rat.

How many lectures was not Akenside himself doomed to deliver over entrails! What can have inspired him — since Pope's sneering description of the pedants who approached the Goddess of Dullness, each with 'a nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower,' was not published until four years later? Akenside was now, we gather, preparing, somewhat against his will, to become a surgeon; for in another poem printed in 1737, a blank-verse rhapsody called *The Poet*, he describes himself as sur-

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rounded with 'chests, stools, old razors, and fractured jars,' in a high state of juvenile indignation. He must have been looked upon as a prodigy, for the Dissenters of Newcastle-on-Tyne presently clubbed together and sent him to Edinburgh to study for their ministry. He had, however, no spiritual vocation, and about 1739 we find him entered as a medical student. Next year, being nineteen years of age, he was elected a member of the Edinburgh Medical Society, and proudly signed himself 'Surgeon.' He was now well started on his double career.

It was as a poet that he first earned distinction. The curious may examine, with stupefaction at the precocity they reveal, his successive publications. In October, 1739, his 'Odes' began to appear in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and we have to notice that this was at a date many years before either Gray or Collins reintroduced that form of lyrical expression. This, I think, is a feature of Akenside's work which has never been acknowledged; he was an innovator, an inaugurator, at this moment of crisis in the evolution of English poetry. He completed his medical studies in Edinburgh at the age of twenty, for such studies were early concluded in those days, and he returned to Newcastle to practise as a surgeon.

We may suppose that he found little professional occupation at first, for he seems to us absorbed in poetical writing. But already a kind of icy formality of speech, which was soon to paralyze his genius, was beginning to take hold of him. His *Ode For the Winter Solstice*, which was separately published in 1740, is an elegant production, but so flowery and artificial in diction that the mind slips over it and gets no grip of the thought, which, moreover, on close examination, is found to be too slight for such exuberance of language.

But the young surgeon persisted, and in 1744, when he was in his twenty-third year, he published anonymously a quarto which created a great sensation, and placed its author immediately among the recognized poets of our language. This was *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, which is still spoken of with respect, though read with increasing difficulty. The purpose of this elaborate didactic poem, which had occupied Akenside, it is said, for several years, was to lay down principles in the constitution of the human mind which account for every species of pleasurable emotion caused by natural scenery or by any of 'the elegant arts.' Philosophically, Akenside is a faint forerunner of Hegel, and his poem an attempt to define æsthetic beauty. He acknowledges what he owes to Aristotle, Virgil, and Horace, but is silent as to his far heavier debt to Shaftesbury, whose *Characteristics* he had evidently studied.

Dr. Johnson was very unkind to *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, where, he said — and not quite unjustly — 'the words are multiplied till the sense is hardly perceived.' That is, I have admitted, Akenside's weakness. But when Johnson talks of the young Newcastle doctor as 'laying his ill-fated hand upon his harp,' he is too picturesque, and we remember that Akenside became an extreme opponent of the critic's political convictions. Johnson hated a Whig, and shut the gates of mercy on a political apostate. Most readers in the eighteenth century did not share his view, and *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, which Akenside completely rewrote without improving, enjoyed an unbroken popularity for at least half a century.

In the same year, 1744, Akenside published his *Epistle to Curio*, a vigorous political satire on the theme of 'just for a handful of silver he left us';

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and in the next a collection of *Odes on Several Subjects*, which were highly successful. In 1746 he wrote his *Hymn to the Naiads*, which has been compared to frozen Keats. It has considerable beauty and elevation, and is accomplished to the last degree. The peculiar dignity of eighteenth-century rhetoric never rose to a chillier altitude, and the vogue of this hymn had a great influence in stereotyping a certain species of 'poetic diction,' as it was called — a language violently and successfully attacked by the leaders of the Romantic Movement half a century later. In spite of those attacks, however, the prestige of Akenside survived the prefaces of Wordsworth, and is visible in no less a poem than the *Alastor* of Shelley. This is a sample of the *Hymn to the Naiads*: —

> The immortal Muse
> To your calm habitations, to the cave
> Corycian, or the Delphic mount, will guide
> His footsteps; and with your unsullied streams
> His lips will bathe; whether the eternal lore
> Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove
> To mortals he reveal, or teach his lyre
> The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toil.

Akenside was now only five-and-twenty, and he had already composed almost the whole of his existing poetry. His inspiration flagged, and after writing some further odes, which were quite unworthy of him, he was silent as a poet until close upon the end of his life, when, as I shall presently point out, a new fervor possessed him. But a curious event occurred, the exact history of which is lost. The poet left the North and came up to Hampstead, where he started a medical practice. He had already become acquainted with the Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, whose name was Dyson.

The practice at Hampstead was a failure, and Dyson, whose admiration for Akenside was unbounded, brought him to Bloomsbury, gave him an allowance of several hundred pounds a year, with a chariot, on the understanding, it would appear, that he should, for the future, give his unbroken attention to science. He did not quite abandon the Muses until they, with their habitual freakishness, had abandoned him; but he became a serious and industrious man of science. His Gulstonian Lectures on the 'Origin and Use of the Lymphatic Vessels' were read in the Theatre of the College of Physicians in 1755, and they advanced 'a new theory,' which few will have the leisure to investigate to-day.

He was appointed Croonian Lecturer, and held the office for several years, but gave up the task 'in disgust' because some of the students complained that there was too much about the history of the revival of learning in his lectures, and not, as I conjecture, enough about the lymphatic vessels.

He continued, however, to advance in medical reputation. The man who was appointed principal physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, and, a little later, physician to the Queen, must have secured the suffrages of his profession. I regret that the account of the poet's behavior in the former of these capacities is not all that could be wished. He was accused of being 'supercilious and unfeeling,' and of having 'evinced a particular disgust to females,' an unhappy trait in hospital practice. It is alleged that on his visiting days he would be preceded by ushers with brooms, whose duty it was to sweep the more evil-smelling of the patients out of Dr. Akenside's path. These stories are doubtless much exaggerated, and the poet was a man capable of fine and generous actions. That his failings were haughtiness and irritability cannot, I fear, be disputed; he was apt to be either 'peevish' or 'oracular' with strangers. There is a story of a prodigious quarrel between

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him and another very pompous medical big-wig, Dr. Hardinge, on the subject of a bilious colic, which would make a cat laugh. These high priests of the medical profession took themselves very seriously indeed in the eighteenth century.

The year before his death Akenside woke to poetry once more. It is probable that few of those who nowadays turn over his pages reach the fragment of a fourth book of *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, which he started in 1770. If they did, they would find such passages as this: —

Would I again were with you, O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands, where
Oft the giant flood obliquely strides
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveler to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream,
How gladly I recall your well-known seats,
Beloved of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.

These lines were written in the year when Wordsworth was born.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC

BY A. B.

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, November* 12
(French Liberal Foreign-Affairs Weekly)

Though the Far Eastern Republic is in existence at the present time, it seems highly doubtful whether this state, desirable as a buffer between Japan and Russia, yet hardly serving the purpose, will have a very long career. Indeed, Eastern Siberia seems fated by its geographical situation to be, for a long time in the future, territory for colonization.

Since it forms a natural outlet to the Pacific, it cannot hold aloof from the vast hinterland further west, from which the Russian flood flows irresistibly toward the open sea. On the south it touches the territory of the new China, which seems far less disposed to pursue a policy of resignation than was the old imperial China — as the convention of Kiakhta, of June 1915, which guaranteed the reëstablishment of Chinese sovereignty in Mongolia, is witness. Last of all, Japan has poured upon the continent the surplus of her population, and Korea shuts her off from the rich region of Possiet and Vladivostok, where the colonists from the Island Empire have won a considerable economic importance. And so Eastern Siberia, with Russia pressing against her on the west, China on the south, and Japan on the east, has breathing-room only on the north.

But the north is barren, and the petroleum deposits and the veins of oil which are located there are now, or soon will be, in the hands of Americans who are coming closer and closer by way of Alaska. One cannot forget the transactions of the Vanderlip Syndi-

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cate with the Soviets, nor the various American proposals for a trans-Alaskan railway, which coming across Behring Strait would link the two countries together, thus opening a large avenue of penetration to American influence.

The Vanderlip Syndicate, which comprises the principal business houses of the western states and the great Mexican and Californian oil mines, asked Moscow for a sixty years' lease for all northeastern Siberia, from the one hundred and sixtieth meridian on the east, as well as the neighboring island of Kamchatka — about 400,000 square miles. The oil deposits and the fisheries were to be exploited by the Syndicate and Russia was to share in the profits. Moscow, in order to facilitate the bargain and preserve the Far Eastern Republic from the eventual consequence of the contract, claimed Kamchatka again from the Government of Chita on December 30, 1920.

The new State has another inherent source of weakness which may do as much harm to a normal development as the greed of her neighbors. The population is made up of from ten to fifteen races — Tartars, Bouriates, Manchus, Cossacks, and others, and the natural consequence of this lack of ethnical unity is to be found in the troubled condition — the anarchy, even — which has made up the whole history of this country ever since it freed itself from Russia's tutelage. Last of all, the economic power which can still be developed is wholly governed by foreign colonies; mines, railroads, fisheries, commerce, are all in the hands of Russians, Jews, Japanese, Chinese, and Americans.

Whatever one may think of its prospect for long life, however, the Far Eastern Republic is a reality to-day, and its establishment is probably the most important event that has occurred in Siberia since the Armistice. It may also recall the personal handiwork of the Russian adventurer, Krasnostchikov — an intellectual, trained at the University of Kiev, where he developed advanced ideas and became a Socialist agitator for which he was deported to Siberia. As an escaped exile he found his way first to Berlin and then to the United States, where he became a member of the I.W.W. Then by turn he became a painter, and a student at the University of Chicago. He is typical of the mystic and excessively bookish revolutionist.

In an interview that he gave last August to the correspondent of the *Japan Advertiser*, he described his dream in his own way, and told what he had done to bring it to pass. As a Communist he knew that it would be useless to try to bring the Soviet doctrine to the Pacific, in the face of the Allied intervention of August 1918. And it was then that he conceived the idea of the buffer state which stands in the eyes of the Allied Powers for the eastern barrier that Bolshevism will not pass. But the Allies held prudently aloof and Krasnostchikov, understanding the uselessness of his advances, went back to Moscow, where, in January 1920, he received authority to act. He settled himself first of all at Verknie-Udinsk and took pains to recruit his government from various social classes, so that he might be able to say that he had no links with Soviet Russia. But the people pushed him along. They were of Russian origin and Bolshevist leaning, unwilling to break with the Soviet fatherland.

At Moscow things went so far that Krasnostchikov was accused of being a moderate and was threatened with arrest, but fortunately he gave pledges to the Reds while he was serving against the Japanese. He defeated the reactionary General Semenoff, and took

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Chita, the capital, where he established himself in September 1920. In October, the Far Eastern Republic was proclaimed. In July he had concluded an armistice with the Japanese, by the terms of which the principle of the buffer state was recognized. The constitution was to be democratic, but not Bolshevist. Japan bound herself not to interfere with the internal affairs of the new Republic, and the latter, for its part, engaged to forbid the Soviet army access to its territory. A neutral zone was created between the Japanese and the Siberian troops. In October the Armistice was broken after an advance by Krasnostchikov's troops beyond that zone.

Up to the present time, Krasnostchikov has not succeeded with restoring order in the turbulent state that he had created. But, admitting that his task is difficult, — we have seen why, — he has made a genuine effort at organization.

The question of transportation is fundamental in a land like Siberia, where the available resources are concentrated in certain localities. It is a matter of distribution. A Japanese revolutionist from America, Bill Shatow, a member of the I.W.W., is in charge. Made a general by the Bolsheviki, he fought against Yudenich during that general's offensive against Petrograd, and was then sent to Omsk with the mission to reorganize the Siberian railroads. There Krasnostchikov met him and won him over. Bill Shatow's work has been crowned with success, and trains again move freely through the territory of the Republic — a result which is not to be despised when one considers that ninety-eight old bridges and thirty-six metal bridges had been destroyed on the Chita line before his arrival, and that two hundred and ninety-nine locomotives were out of commission.

While his colleagues devoted themselves to the transportation problem, Krasnostchikov drew up a constitution. It is highly democratic. It goes without saying that it could not be Bolshevist. The power is exercised by a National Assembly elected for two years. In addition to its legislative functions it exercises a general control over affairs, and chooses seven members who form a kind of executive committee. Krasnostchikov is a member, and over these 'directors' he presides. His proper title is President of the Government, not of the state. Besides this committee a cabinet of fifteen members exists. These ministers, who have no strictly political duties, are hardly anything more than executive agents of the decisions of the Assembly and the committee of the Government.

How does this governing machine work? A condition of permanent warfare is hardly favorable for normal working and the opposition in the rural districts is very strong, for the peasants constitute the great majority of the country. Wholly ignorant of fine political distinctions, they call themselves Bolshevist; for that, in their eyes, marks the union with Russia, from which they have not yet consented to separate. But at the same time they refuse to adopt any communistic teaching which compels them to hand over a part of their produce to the population of the city.

This policy is combated by means modeled after those employed at Moscow; organized bands or militia, like the Red Guards, run down the 'conspirators' of the countryside. The press is subjected to a rigid censorship which reduces suspected organs to silence, and public meetings are strictly regulated. A convinced disciple of Communism, Krasnostchikov shows himself eager to retain the confidence

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of the Soviets, which his desire for independence nearly caused him to lose at the beginning of his régime. It remains to be seen whether the system of force which he uses will convert the masses of the peasants to the Communist idea.

But the risks which he runs are not wholly of internal origin. The enemies of Bolshevism are still at work. After Kolchak came Semenoff, Atman of the Cossacks of Lake Baikal, who tried to set up a Mongolian Republic, the capital of which was to have been Chita — only Chita was taken by Krasnostchikov. After him came Keppel, who worked from Vladivostok; and then there was another mysterious person, Baron Ungern, whose centre of operation was Urga, in Mongolia. Last August he threatened Chita with his army, but he was finally taken and executed. The Republic of the Far East has entered into diplomatic conversations with China in order to map out a common police policy against the bands of refugees from Ungern's forces in outer Mongolia.

But the chief concern of the Krasnostchikov Government remains the Entente with Japan. The new State wishes to reach out to Vladivostok, which it regards as its natural outlet. But Japanese troops are at present in possession there. They maintain security there as the Government at Tokyo seems scarcely to believe that the régime at Chita, which bears a familiar resemblance to that of Moscow, really represents the liberal and democratic government which could maintain order in Eastern Siberia without assistance.

Urgent reasons have for a long time led the Far Eastern Republic to seek good relations with Japan. Economic considerations first of all, for the scanty harvest brought about a lamentable sanitary condition and an outbreak of the plague has already been announced. One may almost say that the finances of the Republic do not exist. The Tokyo Government, for its part, had decided to withdraw its troops from Siberia as soon as adequate guaranties should be granted by a genuine and well-established authority to Japanese residents and to all the inhabitants of the region occupied by the Japanese armies.

Probably the Republic of the Far East does not present a Government with which one could enter into definite accord; but Japan, desirous above all else of establishing land security, decided to accept the offer of a Conference which Chita addressed to her. The meeting took place at Dairen, the end of last August. A character which it does not seem actually to possess, at least for the moment, appears to have been attached to this Conference. There was report of a fishery concession at Kamchatka, to be accorded to Japan for a thirty-six year period, a piece of information which seems doubtful since, as we have already seen, Moscow has compelled Chita to withdraw from that peninsula and is alone qualified to dispose of it.

The Chita Government, the precarious and disputed nature of whose authority we have shown, is disgruntled over the existence of another Government whose seat is Vladivostok, which pretends to exercise its influence and, if it can, its sovereignty, over the maritime province. Chita wishes to be the capital of the Russian territories of Eastern Siberia, and asserts that if there is any power at all in the hands of the Vladivostok Government it is derived from Chita and exercised in its name. This is only part of what the Chita Government hopes, for it would prefer to see these contests over power, which resemble a kind of revolt by a vassal against his suzerain, disappear definitely in one way or another.

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In the conversations at Dairen, the Chita Government was pursuing a political idea. Before everything else it counted on the prestige of carrying on an official negotiation with a great power, a negotiation which it would be possible to regard as a kind of recognition affirming the authority of Chita with regard to the rebellion against this order. The Tokyo Government, on the other hand, seems not to have sketched out any definite programme for negotiations in advance. M. Matsushima, the Japanese plenipotentiary, declared that it was before everything else a matter of getting together.

The main purpose for Japan is to make certain what basis exists for making agreement with the other party, and it is clear that the diplomatic conversations will be of varied importance according as to whether or not these agreements are worthy of confidence.

None the less the mere fact of the Dairen meeting is already highly significant. It proves that, contrary to general opinion, Japan is not systematically hostile to the new Siberian State. It was thought at Tokyo that a resumption of relations could not fail to aid in the reëstablishment of order in the Far East, and care was taken to forget the suspicious origin of Krasnostchikov's power. No doubt this prudence is not thrown away. The Dairen Conference at the same time that it improves present economic conditions in Eastern Siberia, will perhaps serve to measure the distance which is still to be covered in order to reach an agreement with Chita.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SATIRE OF W. S. GILBERT

From *Looking Forward, November*
(Monthly Review of World Movements)

Few have thought that the gray gentleman with side whiskers and 'a little place at Harrow,' the barrister J. P. and property owner, was anything but a supporter of things as they be.

Quite possibly he thought he was that. His life may have appeared to himself as it appeared to others, to be the embodiment of comfortable conservatism. Yet he did more to cut away the props of the old world, to prepare the minds of the unthinking mass for change, than any who deliberately preached against the established order. If Gilbert had been a professed revolutionary, he would have had as little influence as Bernard Shaw. Just because he seemed so safe and so ordinary, his shafts of ridicule knocked over the conventions at which they were aimed. Had he set out to break idols, he would have been laughed at. Because people laughed with him, they fancied he was one of themselves and let him undermine their faith in much that they held sacred. His influence in hastening that revolution in thought and manners of which the late nineteenth century, in its more reflective hours, saw the shadow on its path has sharpened the point of the saying of Fletcher

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of Saltoun — that he cared not who made laws for the people so long as he might make their songs.

In the earliest of what we call the Savoy Operas (though it was produced before the Savoy Theatre had been built) Gilbert turned his satire against his own profession, the Law. The Judge's song in *Trial by Jury* was more than a joke; it was satire with a sting in it. The briefless barrister who

> Was, as most young barristers are,
> An impecunious party, —

and who engaged himself to marry

> a rich attorney's elderly, ugly daughter, —

was certainly not a fantastic invention. Whether there existed one who wriggled out of his engagement as soon as the rich attorney had helped him to a position by supplying him with briefs, we do not know; but at all events the possibility of a Judge trying a breach of promise suit after he had made himself liable to an action of the same kind was not unimaginable.

Even more severe was the irony in the song from *Iolanthe*, in which the Lord Chancellor related how he had made up his mind to give his clients value for their money.

> Ere I go into Court I will read my brief through,
> (Said I to myself, said I),
> And I'll never take work I'm unable to do,
> (Said I to myself, said I),
> My learned profession I'll never disgrace
> By taking a fee with a grin on my face
> When I have n't been there to attend to the case
> (Said I to myself, said I).

The Judge clowning on the Bench and the Lord Chancellor doing a skirt dance were not mere figures of good-humored fun; they were ridiculed with an undercurrent of — perhaps contempt is too strong a term — with, shall we say, a 'something of bitterness,' which made them as real as the Romans against whom Juvenal shot his arrows of barbed wit.

Next came the first of Gilbert's onslaughts upon politicians. Everyone laughed at Sir Joseph Porter who began as a lad by

> serving a term
> As office boy in an attorney's firm

and who

> polished up the handle of the big front door

with such assiduity that he started on the road to become First Lord of the Admiralty. Before he reached that eminence he engaged in trade.

> I grew so rich that I was sent
> By a pocket borough into Parliament.
> I always voted at my Party's call
> And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.

To-day it is a commonplace that Members of Parliament are obliged to vote as they are told: when *Pinafore* was produced few knew how obedient they had to be to Party discipline. Gilbert's verses, aided by Sullivan's delicious music, sank into many minds which would have been impervious to the fierce denunciation of a Jeremiah or the lamentations of an Ezekiel. He helped to create that distrust of politicians which has been going ever since. He made people see the humbug of 'official opinions' by making his 'ruler of the Queen's Navee' express (officially) such smug and insincere sentiments as

> Happiness in marriage is not inconsistent with
> discrepancy in rank.
> Love is a platform on which all ranks may meet.

Thus he parodied the well-sounding generalities which form the greater part of political utterances. Thus he sowed seeds of that disbelief in Parliament as an organ of progress which is so widespread to-day.

At the army he tilted with brisk persistence. The Heavy Dragoons in *Patience*, those 'popular mysteries' who were a compound of 'all the remarkable people in history,' were delightful

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fooling. The major-general in *The Pirates* was drawn with a more energetic insistence on his futility. This officer was 'good at integral and differential calculus,' he was well-up in myths and could even 'write a washing bill in Babylonic Cuneiform.' But, he admitted,

My military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century.

So he was obliged to confess that, although his store of general information was encyclopædic, he had everything to learn about his profession.

In fact when I know what is meant by mamelon and ravelin,
When I can tell at sight a chassepot rifle from a javelin;
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at
And when I know precisely what is meant by commissariat;
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery,
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery —
In short when I've a smattering of elemental strategy,
You'll say a better major-generál has never sat a gee!

That this indictment was not fanciful many a 'regrettable incident' in the South African War, many a pitiful blunder in the Great War, proved all too sadly and forcibly. Gilbert's attack on the education of officers was as amply justifiable as his ridicule in *The Gondoliers* of the bawling noises, the usual 'Shalloo humps' and 'Shalloo hoops' which passed for words of command in the army.

At Pride of Birth he frequently mocked. Aline Sangazure in *The Sorcerer*, '7037th in direct descent from Helen of Troy,' was the predecessor of Pooh Bah in *The Mikado*, who, 'traced his ancestry back to a protoplasmal, primordial atomic globule.' A duke was to Gilbert a creature indescribably comic. One of his best creations in this line is

The highly-strung sensitive Duke,
The Duke who is doubly refined,

of *Haste to the Wedding!* This is the Duke who wonderingly inquires why he is 'the sport of every wave of sympathetic second-hand sentiment.'

Even the ghosts of Sir Rupert Murgatroyd's ancestors are as stupid as owls. When they ask their decadent descendant why he has not obeyed the family curse by committing a crime every day, he puts them off with the assurance that he has forged his own will, signed a cheque in the name of someone who has no banking account, and disinherited his son who does not yet exist.

Equally absurd to Gilbert were the honors which could be bestowed and for which he saw so violent a scrimmage among many people. The Kings in *The Gondoliers*, describing their day's work, tell how

We may make a proclamation or receive a deputation,
Then we possibly create a peer or two;
Then we help a fellow creature on his path
With the Garter or the Thistle or the Bath.

Gilbert knew how so-called 'honors' were, even thirty years ago, bought and paid for, and he frankly expressed his contempt for the traffic long before it had become the by-word it is to-day. The Duke of Plaza Toro included among his sources of income: —

Small titles and orders
For Mayors and Recorders
I get, and they're highly delighted;
M.P.'s baronetted,
Sham colonels gazetted,
And second-rate aldermen knighted.

His Duchess traded also upon the social weakness of silly women, and would

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Present any lady
Whose conduct is shady
Or smacking of doubtful propriety;
When Virtue would squash her
I take and whitewash her
And launch her in first-rate society.

It was the ever-increasing flow of titles and official appointments which inspired his diverting vision of a state in which

Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats,
And Bishops in their shovel hats
Were plentiful as tabby cats,
In point of fact, too many;
Ambassadors cropped up like hay,
Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May,
And Dukes were three a penny.

That very phrase, 'dukes were three a penny,' did more to disestablish dukedom than all the diatribes of Mr. Lloyd George. Denunciation has not ever the deadly effect of ridicule. Gilbert had no conscious leanings toward a new order. He would have protested that he found the old order very comfortable. But he was too clear-sighted, too thoroughly impregnated with the comic spirit, not to see that all institutions were shot through and through with humbug; and that the great ones of the earth were mostly either mountebanks or solemn frauds. If he had held them up to scorn, derided them with bitterness, lashed out at them with the impetuous indignation of a reformer, he would have been heeded by very few: and he would have created more antagonists than sympathizers. It was because he had no political or social axe to grind, because he seemed to be purely a fun-maker, that his satire sank into the mind of his age. He came just at a moment when Victorian ideals and institutions had begun to rock. He gave them a vigorous push, and it is thanks to him largely that we see them around us in ruins to-day.

W. H. DAVIES, A TRAMP POET

BY THOMAS MOULT

From the *Bookman, November*
(ENGLISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

A DAY is to come in the history of the Hammersmith Lyric Theatre when William Henry Davies, poet of our own age, will succeed Mr. Gay, satirist of the eighteenth century. It depends entirely on the favor of the public how soon or late that day may be; and if it is the atmosphere of vagabondage they are so loath to lose, the assurance might well be theirs that Mr. Davies's introduction to the theatre is to take the form of an opera concerning beggars, who are just as jolly and lovable as the Lyric players have made John Gay's, though showing a few shreds more of virtue, as becomes the twentieth century, to redeem their ragged roguery. It goes without saying that Mr. Davies knows his beggars as well as Gay knew his. And in the period of waiting until his work is staged we can turn back to the *Autobiography*

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of a Super-Tramp, and capture the spirit of it in advance.

It is from the *Autobiography* that Mr. Davies's central incident is taken — an actual episode of his own early vagabondage, presented with all the rich ability of the later period in which he has become famous the world over as a poet. Lyrical poetry, indeed, is to triumph for once in a way on the London stage.

On what sweet banks were thy pure fancies fed?
What world of smiling light has been thy home?
In what fair land of rainbows wert thou bred?
From what green land of cuckoos art thou come?

By all that great blue wonder in thine eyes,
Baffled and vexed I stand before thy smile;
Thy thoughts, like angels, guard thee from surprise,
We see them not, yet feel them all the while.

That smile which, like the sun on everything,
Now falls on me with no increased delight,
Must either go behind a cloud and bring
Death to my hopes, or give my love more light.

An opera that contains fifteen to twenty lyrics of such genuine nature as that is, from the literary standpoint, unique. In the fourteenth year of his career as an author, Mr. Davies has taken a step in his development which must surely bring him nearer the recognition to which he is properly entitled.

But the present year is to be regarded as of especial mark in another direction, so far as Mr. Davies is concerned. October has seen his first appearance in the rôle of editor; for, with Mr. Austin Spare as his art colleague, he has taken charge of the newly resuscitated *Form*, a magazine which gave cause in pre-war years to be remembered impressively, and which henceforward will be issued monthly by the Morland Press. *Form* is to be welcomed and bidden good-speed for many reasons, but for none so much as that it is pretty certain to entice Mr. Davies into the writing of prose again, as well as poetry. Few of us seem to realize yet that, in this author of a dozen volumes of poetry, we have one who will sooner or later come to be accepted as a link in the long chain of considerable poets who are also masters of prose. The *Autobiography*, for example, enshrining both his tramping memories and his best prose-writing, possesses qualities which are likely to ensure its permanence among the works of earlier *prosateurs*. The worth of the book from this aspect lies in its genuinely traditional style — that style, indeed, which has now almost totally vanished from English prose. . . .

If Mr. Davies, being human, must own to derivations, we may trace them to Defoe and Bunyan, and a little more definitely to the Authorized Version of the Bible; which proves the soundness of his instinct, for above all other books it was these that combined to make the English language beautiful.

But a more obvious model for that most characteristic and earliest of his prose-writings was his own budding poetic self. He is always his own unique self, — a joyous, lyrical self, — no matter how little it has become the fashion among others to be joyous or lyrical. 'My heart has many a sweet bird's song,' he writes in what has been called the loveliest of his many lovely lyrics, 'and one that 's all my own.'

It is from these few simple lines that we derive as complete a statement as may be found anywhere of the poet's aim and motive. We are assuming of course that such a writer can have a tangible aim or motive; for no thrush has been more spontaneous, more vocal purely for the song's sake. We think of the thrush's voice indeed when we consider Mr. Davies's voice, far more than we recall the other simple things of existence, — the Provençal peasant answering peasant in lovely strain across the olive groves, or the boys and

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girls of Greece singing in the villages at the springtime, — aye, even more than we think of the instinctive lullaby of our own English mothers crooning to their babes at evening. No less lovely than the thrush's voice, with its clear note of health and gladness in the mornings of sunny June, is his voice; no less a miracle, before which we marvel in a manner to which we feel impelled by no other poet of our time. . . .

There are moments, as we read the poems of Davies, when the man or woman is the child; for which of us, sophisticated though our period inevitably compels us to be, can resist the sheer inexhaustible delight of such pieces as 'The Moon,' 'Leisure,' 'The Sluggard,' and 'The Muse' in the collected volume, or 'Come, Let us Find a Cottage, Love,' 'On Hearing Mrs. Woodhouse Play the Harpsichord' and 'Lovely Dames,' of his more recent work, now published, as are the majority of his books, by Jonathan Cape? Which of us has not experienced in ourselves that cry of child-pleasure that gradually floods the heart, as we read 'how rich and great the times are now,' just because the poet has experienced in the one moment a rainbow and a cuckoo's song — wonders that may never come together again; 'may never come this side the tomb'?

One might go much further in this elevation of Davies to a high place among the natural singers of our beautiful green earthly life, were it not more vital to attempt to show how a poet was born into and moulded by surroundings which have made his work something different from the mere equivalent (with none of its mighty significance) of a blue tile from ancient Egypt, or a vase from old Athens, as so much contemporary poetry, and good poetry withal, is content to be. If we wish to find an artistic equivalent for these lyrics, let us rather look for it among the Elizabethans in Mr. Davies's own *genre*, with their lustiness of life, their earthen humor, their directness of utterance and gift of legitimate surprise. In his *Autobiography* we may discover their inspiration. He has told his story so frankly and so roundly, that there is nothing left to speculate upon.

Born in Wales, in a Newport public-house, his erratic youth commenced, not simply with the usual truancy from school, but with prison, where he was birched as the leader of a gang of boy-thieves! No sooner was he out of his apprenticeship as a picture-frame maker, than he crossed the Atlantic. He had made the acquaintance of a man who inflamed his ambition with an extraordinary exaggeration of the merits of America. At the end of the voyage he fell in with a professional tramp, and made his way to Chicago, begging food from the farmsteads (when none but the soft-hearted farm-wives were about), and stealing an occasional ride on the railway. It was because this vagabond way of life gave no opportunity for the enrichment of his mind, that he finally relinquished it; though not before he had had the misfortune to lose a foot and, through it, the leg to the knee, while attempting to board a Canadian rail-truck when the train was in motion. He returned to England, and learned that he had inherited a legacy of eight shillings a week, resolving, as a consequence, that he would devote himself to literature. 'I was determined,' he writes, 'that, as my body had failed, my brains should now have the chance they had longed for, when the spirit had been bullied into submission by the body's activity.'

The tramp's life, as he himself has stated, was not for him. He often had to go for days without reading matter, and knew not what the world was saying or doing. The beauty of nature was

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forever before his eyes, but he was certainly not enriching his mind, for 'who can contemplate Nature with any profit in the presence of others?' He had no leisure to make notes in hope of future use, and he was so overpacking his memory with scenes that, when their time came for use, they would not take definite shape. He resolved, therefore, that he must go to work for some months, so that he might live sparingly on his savings in some large city where he could cultivate his mind.

His home on reaching London was the cheap lodging-houses on the south of the Thames, where a bed might be had for fourpence; and he spent the day in the free libraries, reading, and writing a tragedy in blank verse, which he was dismayed to find rejected by one publisher after another. Sometimes he would go on tramp; and the money accumulated by begging enabled him to meet the expense of printing his first volume of verses. It was a long while, however, before his efforts to gain attention for them met with any success. Mr. Bernard Shaw tells of these efforts in the preface to *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp:* —

> In the year 1905 I received by post a volume of poems by one William H. Davies, whose address was The Farm House, Kennington, S.E. I was surprised to learn that there was still a farmhouse left in Kennington; for I did not then suspect that the Farmhouse, like the Shepherdess Walks and Nightingale Lanes and Whetstone Parks of Bethnal Green and Holborn, is so called nowadays with irony, and is, in fact, a doss house, or hostelry, where single men can have a night's lodging for, at most, sixpence.
>
> The book was marked 'price, half-a-crown.' An accompanying letter asked very civilly that, if Mr. Shaw required a book of verses, would he please send the author the half-crown; if not, would he return the book.
>
> Instead of throwing the book away, as I have thrown so many, I wrote him a letter, telling him that he could not live by poetry. Also I bought some spare copies and told him to send them to such critics and fanciers as he knew of, wondering whether they would recognize a poet when they met one.

And, as Mr. Shaw adds, they actually did.

It is futile to label a writer as a 'tramp poet,' any more than we might call him a 'bill-poster poet' or a 'bank-clerk poet.' But it would not be very difficult to say how many or how few of those poems that have come since Mr. Davies's South London days were brought into being as a consequence of that early hardship, that life of the road, that contact with raw earth. Certainly there are lines which betray those influences in practically every poem he has written. And even if we had not such passages as, —

> the Sea trying
> With savage joy, and efforts wild,
> To smash his rocks with a dead child, —

or that containing his invocation to the moon, about the birds, —

> that sing this night
> With thy white beams across their throats, —

or

> I think of that Armada whose puffed sails,
> Greedy and large, came swallowing every cloud, —

or a hundred others equally expressive of a rare personality that once lived irresponsibly and lavishly among the modern freebooters in two continents, William H. Davies would still be, and would still reveal himself in some unique way as of the direct line of sons of God who, while the morning stars shouted together, sang for joy.

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A PAGE OF CHRISTMAS VERSE

NOËL, 1920

BY ÉMILE CAMMAERTS

[*New Witness*]

La neige, le vent et la faim
Ont marché vers l'étable,
La neige, voûtée et vénérable,
Le vent amer sifflant un refrain,
Et la faim claquant des dents
Tout le long du chemin . . .
La neige, la faim et le vent.

La faim, la neige et le vent
Ont frappé à la porte:
'C'est pour voir la Mère et l'Enfant,
Voyez les trésors que j'apporte.
— Un soufflet pour Jésus — Une balle d'argent
— Un pain de pierre pour Marie.'
— 'Entrez, entrez, je vous en prie,
La faim, la neige et le vent.'

La neige, le vent et la faim
Se sont glissés dans la chaumière,
Et Jésus, levant la main,
A fondu leur dure misère.
La neige pleure, le vent soupire, et la faim mange
Mains jointes, à deux genoux, le pain des anges
Sur les pieds lumineux de l'Enfant . . .
La neige, la faim et le vent.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON

BY KATHERINE TYNAN

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

The Kings to the Stable
They brought sweet spice,
The gold and the silver,
And jewels of price.

But the Dove by the manger
She would not cease
Mourning so softly:
Bring Him Peace; bring Him Peace!

The Kings from the Orient
Brought nard and clove.
The Dove went mourning:
Bring Him Love; bring Him Love!

What would content Him
In silver and gold—
A new-born Baby,
But one hour old?

Not myrrh shall please Him,
Nor the ambergris,
Who hath sweet savor
Of His Mother's kiss.

There is clash of battle,
And men hate and slay.
From the noise and the tumult
She hides Him away.

But His sleep is fitful
In His Mother's breast;
The Dove goes mourning:
Give Him rest; give Him rest!

HUSH!

[*November* 11]

BY C. M. SALWEY

[*East and West*]

Hush!
A spell is o'er the land,
Let neither foot nor hand
Bestir itself—This is a King's Command.

Hush!
The dead the living meet
In every town and street,
Then noiselessly pass on with silent feet.

Hush!
Kneel, close your eyes, and pray;
For *you* they won the Day;
But winning raised a debt, your Love alone must pay.

Hush!
When the Christ-Child was born
One glorious Christmas morn
Peace reigned—and Death of Victory was shorn!

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A NEW PREHISTORIC SKULL FROM AFRICA

A SKULL which may shed new light on the vexed question of human origin has been discovered in the 'Bone Cave' of the Broken Hill Mine in Northern Rhodesia. The Bone Cave of this mine has long been known as a source of fossil skeletons of mammals and birds, but no trace of human remains has hitherto been discovered. The skull was found at a depth of sixty feet below the water level.

The authorities of the mine have presented it to the British Museum.

Mr. G. Elliot Smith, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London, has made a statement to the *Times* in which he dwells on the importance of the discovery, and declares that it is 'the skull of a most remarkable type of mankind quite new to science.' He adds that in his opinion it is undoubtedly a 'new species' if not a 'new genus.'

In Professor Smith's opinion the skull is undoubtedly much more primitive than the Neanderthal skull.

Although the new skull is bigger than the Javanese skull, and is probably of a somewhat higher form, it presents so remarkable a likeness to it that there is a possibility that it may be a member of the same form or genus; but that, of course, is quite problematical. I think it is very likely to be some primitive form akin to the ancestor of the Neanderthal race of Europe. One of the most striking things about it is the enormous impression of the neck muscles at the back of the skull. The creature must have had a tremendously thick and powerful neck, very much more powerful than any other fossil skulls would suggest to have existed in the types of man they represent.

Another very remarkable feature of this new skull is that some of the teeth are affected with dental caries, a most surprising thing; for in modern man dental caries is a comparatively recent acquisition and does not date back long before the time of the Pyramids. This ancient man, however, suffered badly from toothache. I do not know of any other case earlier than the Pyramid age of dental caries existing in a human skull.

One of the surprising things about the skull is its extraordinarily good state of preservation and its fresh appearance. It is unfortunate that, owing to the blasting operations which uncovered these remains, the lower jaw is missing. The skull is so well preserved that it is very probable it was there. If it had been found it would have been of enormous importance, for it would have settled the controversy over the Piltdown skull. A good fragment of the upper jaw of a second skull has been discovered which raises the hope that other bones of these interesting people may yet be found if they are carefully looked for by the miners.

Fragments of what appear to be thigh bones have also been sent to the Museum from the same source, and it is said that a collar bone has also been found. It does not, of course, follow that they are actual fragments of the same skeleton — a question somewhat similar to the vexed problem of the relationship of the Piltdown jaw and the Piltdown skull. Anthropologists believe that the Neanderthal man walked in a crouching attitude with bent knees and there are some features about the South African femur which may afford evidence of more pronounced stoop on the part of this new species.

The new discovery lends weight to the theory previously announced by certain anthropologists that the primitive form of humanity is to be sought in Africa rather than in Asia. However, possible future results of the expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History and now in the field in China, may bring to light new data in support of the Asiatic origin.

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'THE FEMALE MUSE'

UNDER this odd title, Mrs. Alice Meynell reviews Mr. J. C. Squire's most recent anthology, *A Book of Women's Verse*, in the London *Observer*, a weekly newspaper whose columns Mr. Squire's own articles frequently adorn. Mrs. Meynell finds fault with Mr. Squire for including the verses of the Brontë's and excluding George Eliot, but she finds the book as a whole, both interesting and 'valuable as the sign of much research, much reading, much examination, and most welcome humor.'

But let Mrs. Meynell tell her own story: —

It may surprise the reader to find so much of women's poetry in the seventeenth century, and most of it, though ready-made, yet not slovenly. Nor, indeed, so ready-made but that a sudden poem by Anne, Countess of Winchelsea proclaims and denounces the military idea, the 'false idol Honor.' Let the pikes be trailed, she cries, let the flutes and the hautboys be dumb, the drums 'dispirited,' the men of war dejected, for the sorry business of battle. That protesting indignation might be less surprising from a man than from one who shares sex with the younger Miss Bennetts. Nay, that allusion is impertinent. Lady Winchelsea writes with gravity and emotion; Mr. Squire has done well to save her poem for us. He has done well, too, to cite, in his prefatory essay, another seventeenth-century voice, raised, in this case, in prose, when Aphra Behn gives tongue. One should not say she scolds the little writers who laid so invidious a stress upon her sex, for scolding suggests a shrill voice, whereas hers is rather a baritone than even a contralto. It is to be noted, by the way, as we pass from the seventeenth century into the eighteenth, that the women poets are nearly exempt from the plague of the anapæst.

Mr. Squire has shown us by his choice what in his opinion the best women have done best; and his opinion commands our attention. He opines, and does not conjecture or prophesy. For this we owe him thanks. The possibilities of the future are bounded by one thing only — equality with one man only; but men also have that boundary — Shakespeare. Short of this we have, as far as our prospect of the future of our race now reaches, wide possibilities, no impossibilities, but strong and numerous improbabilities. And when has one improbability been defined with more wit than by Edith Wharton? She feigns a modern epic poem by a woman poet on Milton's matter, the fall of man. She feigns the praise awarded to this work by a contemporary compatriot, who gives her her place — 'The female Milton of America.' This is excellent humor, perfect irony, and our pleasure in it is none the less because we may just surmise that one of the two blades of Mrs. Wharton's keenly cutting wit may be at some time unedged. One thrust is for woman, another for America. Perhaps there may be in time to come such an unedging for — well, for America.

Mr. Squire will not grudge me a postscript to his book. I hazard it because the poem to be now cited has been published since his anthology was made. It is the work of a woman who writes from within a monastic cloister, and that cloister might be the seventeenth century itself, the age of splendor and of divinity at play. Her book comes into our hands as George Herbert's into the hands of the 'gentlewoman' to whom Crashaw sent it. His exquisite lines went with the gift: —

> Know you, fair, on what you look?
> When your hands untie these strings
> Think you've an angel by the wings.

The poetess's title, 'Hawkesyard,' is the name of the house of studies for the Dominican Novices, whence she dates her poem. The name gives her the cue of falconry: —

> This is the mew of God set high
> Beneath the heavens' windy rafter,
> Whence all His falconry shall fly
> And, clean of wing and clear of eye,
> Make sport to wake the angels' laughter.
> Ah, birds of God,
> What prey shall ye bring home hereafter?
>
> Here, hooded by His hand they sit,
> Nor fear the due monastic jesses
> That leash them to His wrist, and knit

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Their wills to His, as should befit
The fledglings of His tendernesses
Who shall repay,
Some day this spring-time of caresses.

Crashaw's lines just cited lend themselves to a certain parody. In this little book of Sister Benvenuta's we have an angel by the wings. Our more frequent capture by books is different; we are happy to have at times a clever man by the coat-tails. I would not end with an omission — albeit one without intention — but give Mr. Squire cordial thanks for the fine sense of poetry, the good judgment, the charming and amusing manner of the presentation of his book.

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MANUSCRIPTS OF HORACE WALPOLE

THE first of Horace Walpole's many letters, but not by any means one of his most brilliant, has been put up for sale at Sotheby's in London. It forms one of a small collection of Walpole manuscripts, bequeathed in 1828 to Sir William Waller by Walpole's executrix, Mrs. Damer. This is the letter, written to his mother in 1725, when he was only eight years old, as the London *Daily Telegraph* gives it:—

'Dear Mama I hop you are wall and I am very wall and I hop Pappa is wall and I begin to slaap and I hop al wall and my cosans like there plathings vary wall and I hop Doly Phillips is wall and pray give my Duty to Papa HORACE WALPOLE
and I am vary glad to hear by Tom that all my cruatuars are al wall and Mrs. Selwen has sprand her Fot and gvis her Sarves to you and I dind ther yester Day.'

Eight years later, when at Eton, he begins to show a bit of mettle in saying: 'I cou'd almost wish the Prince of Orange hang'd for keeping me so long from seeing my Dear Mama,' to whom he also writes: 'I was in hopes that I had finish'd my Physick, but since my Dear Mama desires it, I will take it again.'

At nineteen he was an undergraduate at King's College, Cambridge, and a letter is preserved to his father, Sir Robert Walpole, full of that dignified dutifulness which has since died out. How many former 'Second-Lieuts.' could address a parent thus? —

'I will not detain you by endeavoring to express in a long letter what the Longest cou'd never do, my Duty and Admiration. I beg these short lines and all my actions may convince you how much I am, Sir, your most dutiful Son.'

It was, by the way, Sir Robert Walpole who used to say that it was fortunate so few men could be Prime Ministers, as it was best that only a few should thoroughly know the 'shocking wickedness of mankind.' Those who know their Horace Walpole well will recognize his style in such a letter as that sent to Field-Marshal Conway in 1787, wherein he describes the Princess Lubomirski (the Duchess of Polignac) being as dirty as if she had walked from Bath in the same dirty gown that she had thought good enough for King Bladud. In the same year, when he was seventy, he gives a very cheerful account of a carriage accident which few motorists to-day could match in sang froid: —

'The first notice was an outrageous bang of the Chaplain's skull against my teeth, which cut a deep gash in his forehead, and I thought had split my upper lip and knocked out two or three of my teeth, but the lip got only a small cut, and all my teeth I found on sounding had maintained their posts, and were mighty proud, as they are very near seventy years old. The servants brought lights and cried, "Nothing is broken." I said, "Indeed but there is, for our heads are broken," which made the parson laugh.'

But the old insolent asperity is always at hand. Suffering from the dilemma of being a lord among authors and an author among lords, Walpole was a true Ishmaelite and railed at both. He tells, in 1777, how the Duke of Norfolk, dying 'at last at ninety-four has left everything with the title but about £3,000 a year to Harry Howard,' adding, 'To Lady Smith a dirty legacy of four-score pds. a year.' As for Swift's *Letters*, he finds them the 'dullest heap of trumpery, flattery, and folly — childish, vulgar stuff.' In a letter to Dr. Lort he refers to Madame du Deffand's papers and states, 'This motive has kept me from divulging the dirty behavior of Voltaire to

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myself.' It will have been observed that the epithet 'dirty' is frequently used so that it is a relief to come across a letter in which Walpole begs Dr. Lort's influence on behalf of the son of a chimney-sweep desirous of entering Trinity College, Cambridge. There is much more, and among the numerous letters to Walpole is a remarkable collection of one hundred and eight from his much-tried friend the poet Gray, perhaps the finest letter-writer in our literature. Old friends stricken in years know the difficulties of meeting each other. It is not great poetry, but Gray expresses the thing well in these lines: —

> How severe is forgetful Old Age
> To confine a poor Devil so,
> That I almost despair
> To see even the Air;
> Much more my dear Damon — hey ho!

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DR. RUDYARD KIPLING

DR. RUDYARD KIPLING — whose readers will have no difficulty in recognizing an old friend with a new title — was the principal figure at a highly cosmopolitan gathering in the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, not long since, when he and Sir James Frazer received their doctor's degrees, *honoris causa*. The benches in front of the dais were a riot of gay color, the yellow, scarlet, green, cerise, and purple robes of the various faculties of the University of Paris. M. Millerand, President of the Republic, attended by M. Léon Berard, Minister of Education, presided, and the degrees were conferred by the stately rector of the University, M. Appel.

Almost without exception, the speakers paid the central figure of the occasion the compliment of referring to him simply as 'Rudyard Kipling,' without the almost inevitable 'Monsieur.' He was presented for the degree by M. Legouis, Professor of the English Language and Literature, who referred to the English writer's early recognition of the German peril and expressed the gratitude of France for his help in the rebuilding of the devastated areas. He concluded with a reminiscence of Rikki Tikki Tavi: 'The garden of humanity will never be quiet until the nest of the Hohenzollern serpents and their Prussian and German supporters shall have been destroyed.'

Mr. Kipling — or rather, Dr. Kipling — in his reply declared that the eulogy pronounced upon him far exceeded his expectations and his deserts. 'But,' he added with a smile, 'it is not permitted to dispute the judgment of the Sorbonne.'

Professor Delacroix, who presented Sir James Frazer, the distinguished author of *The Golden Bough*, recited the titles of the works which have given him his eminence and laid especial stress upon the disinterested enthusiasm for science which leads him to give his services without salary to his University.

In the evening the two new doctors were entertained at a banquet at the Sorbonne. Mr. Kipling spoke on the intimate connection between national ideals and national folk lore. 'The popular fables of the race never lie,' he said, in contrasting the charming simplicity of French and British folk stories with the grimmer mythology of Germany.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

A Book of Women's Verse. Edited, with a Prefatory Essay, by J. C. Squire. Oxford University Press. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Nitti, Francesco Saverio. *Europe Without Peace.* Messrs. Bemporad, Florence, Italy.

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